

THE COMING PEACE

WAR, as has often been pointed out, can never really be sought for its own sake. Human nature can only desire good or what it takes to be good. But war is always an evil, not necessarily a moral evil as ultra-Pacifists think, but always and everywhere a physical evil of the greatest magnitude, and therefore only tolerable or desirable as a means to some good beyond itself. Now, beyond war, whatever else there is, there must be peace: the two states are mutually exclusive. Peace is the main object of all war, as health is the object of surgical operations; either the peace which is the re-establishment of just relations and the reconciliation of conflicting interests, or the peace which follows from the total overthrow of Right by Might. In this sense even the fiercest warrior is a Pacifist, if he remains civilized at all and is not a throw-back to the savage. He may speak of the joy of conflict, but it is the joy of victory he means, and victory means peace. So the whole of Europe has been in a blaze for two years and a quarter in a violent endeavour to achieve a permanent settlement and to have done with a peace which was no peace because of its instability. It is seeking an easier resting-place than the bayonets which upheld it this weary while. Longing for peace it prepared assiduously for war: now it is fighting in preparation for peace. It seems a sufficiently senseless proceeding, until we reflect that it is the presence of one evil will amongst the nations, inspired by a false philosophy, that has necessitated the others meeting it on its own ground. Force has had to supply what law alone, in defect of conscience, has been unable to achieve. If all honestly sought the first kind of peace mentioned, that which results from a genuine pursuit of justice unbiassed by self-interest, there would be no need to employ the dreadful remedy of war. Because some nations have always been found prepared to subordinate morality and justice to individual advantage, the phenomenon of war has always marked human history.

It has been the claim and contention of the Allies from the first that they are fighting primarily for the vindication of violated justice. It is that conviction which has nerved

them to their colossal sacrifices and which enables their statesmen to proclaim that they will continue those sacrifices without flinching until that goal is reached. We do not squander men and treasure on such a scale to purchase a mere truce, to conclude the first war in an interminable series. If the country has to face such irremediable losses, it is that we may console ourselves in our bereavement with the thought that a vast evil has been crushed, and that the world will be purer and healthier and happier through its extinction. But it must be extinguished. "The British Empire," said Mr. Lloyd George to the American Press representative¹—and he might have said the same of all the Allies—"has invested thousands of its best lives to purchase future immunity for civilization. This investment is too great to be thrown away." And he went on: "The inhumanity and the pitilessness of the fighting that must come before a lasting peace is possible is not comparable with the cruelty that would be involved in stopping the war while there remains the possibility of civilization again being menaced from the same quarter. . . . 'Never again' has become our battle-cry." Mr. Asquith, on October 11th, emphatically declared in Parliament that "this long and sombre procession of cruelty and suffering, lighted up as it is by deathless examples of heroism and chivalry, cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up, precarious, dishonouring compromise, masquerading under the name of peace." These declarations have met with emphatic acquiescence in Italy, France, and Russia: there can be no possible doubt of the determination of the Allies to achieve at whatever cost the ends for which they drew the sword. The coming peace, as far as human skill and energy can make it so, must be stable and permanent²: it must not, as Signor Bissolati says, be "contaminated with the germs of other wars."

There are those amongst us who do not think this possible. Whether they are incapable of realizing what this European carnage means, or are misled by the false philosophy of Darwinism, or are unappreciative of the power of true Christianity, or are really Prussians at heart, or are simply unreflecting and pessimistic—whatever be the cause, there are

¹ *The Times*, Sept. 29.

² "Largely in vain will this war have been fought and all these sufferings endured if the peoples of the world are to fall back into a state of permanent alarm, suspicion and hostility, each weighed down by the frightful burden of armaments." (Lord Bryce in *The Manchester Guardian*, Oct. 3.)

those who are already contemplating future wars, and who can think of no better safeguard for their nation than superiority in armed force, bought at whatever expenditure of national resources. They want to do exactly what Prussia has wanted to do—to secure peace by undisputed domination over others. National egotism, which is only personal vanity writ large, prompts them to claim a sort of headship of the race, and they do not hesitate to invoke a Divine commission to support their claim. Week by week, for instance, the pages of that widely disseminated journal *John Bull*¹ reek with this nauseous racial glorification, and more reputable periodicals like the *Saturday Review*, if more refined, are no less braggart in tone. What these people are doing is trying to cast out devils by the aid of Beelzebub, to save us from the infection of Prussianism by inoculating us with a full measure of that very virus. They are a real danger in regard to the coming settlement. Let us never forget that the Roman Empire perished through corruption caught from its conquered foes; if we adopt the political philosophy which has proved the ruin of Germany, we may expect the like fate.

The Premier on various occasions and in various terms, which are free from all trace of this discreditable arrogance, has defined the war-aims of the Allies, but nowhere so fully, so clearly, and so eloquently as when on September 25, 1914, he spoke to the citizens of Dublin. After quoting Gladstone's declaration in 1870—"The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics"—Mr. Asquith went on—

The idea of public right,—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States, and in the future moulding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece and the Balkan States—they must

¹ At the beginning of the war Mr. Bottomley asserted "He [God] has placed the destinies of the earth in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the Latins as their natural allies." More recently, he drops the Latins as previously he had omitted the Slavs.—"I believe and never shall weaken in my faith that we are God's Chosen People." On account of its pandering to national vanity this vulgar tub-thumping patriotism is too readily taken for the genuine article.

be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbours—more powerful in strength and in wealth—to a place in the sun. And it means finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will.

These stirring words take us beyond and above the narrow, earth-bound nationalism of the Jingo into a Christian atmosphere, wherein human brotherhood is recognized and conscience takes the place of armed and suspicious selfishness. The essence of the Prussian idea is that the State is above morality, that ethics are for the individual not the community, that self-interest is the one standard of international dealing. The idea is not the discovery of the Prussian but belongs to the mentality of fallen unregenerate man, who has always and in all countries had his representatives amongst kings and statesmen. The idea, indeed, is as old as human history. Our task is to make it obsolete as well as old, otherwise no durable peace can be expected to follow this war. It must be thoroughly defeated, to start with, in the nation which has made it the basis and inspiration of its policy. It must be repudiated explicitly by every nation that attends the Peace Conference. The Allies' first object no doubt is to crush it in the field. Hard as that task is proving to be, to overthrow it in the Conference may well be more difficult unless Christians everywhere bestir themselves betimes and stifle every symptom of it in their midst. We have no fear of the ultimate triumph of our arms, but, as we have said, there is reason to dread the influence of the unchristian journalists amongst us who preach Prussianism so assiduously, yet with such little seeming consciousness of the effect of their words. Are we, as *John Bull* would have us, to take our seat at the Peace Conference as "God's Chosen People"? Are we to assert a Divine commission to control "with the aid of our Latin Allies" the destiny of the earth? Are we to affront the whole of Slavdom and the neutrals of the New World by such provocative assumptions? Or are we not rather to take especial care lest the mere suspicion of hypocrisy and selfishness should attach to our policy? We are professedly fighting for the integrity of small nations which cannot defend their own rights, but that does not absolve us from the necessity of

scrupulously regarding the rights of the larger nations as well. If our Allies take any heed of the vapourings of our Jingo journalists, there may be much misunderstanding to clear away before we can meet them honestly at the Peace Conference. There we must show that it is possible to be great and not greedy, powerful and not unjust, triumphant and not vindictive; yet our Prussianized papers are not making it easier for us to do so.

And so the military defeat of Germany will be only the first step in the general overthrow of militarism, the pernicious theory that Might confers Right.¹ The conflict will not be over when our troops enter Berlin. We are fighting a philosophy. We have to bring the German mind, somehow or other, to appreciate the ideal of justice, and for that purpose we have, somehow or other, to banish the Prussian spirit from amongst ourselves.² We perhaps do not realize how widespread it is. It comes to us with something of a shock to learn that many people in Germany, misled by their Professors and to some extent by our own Jingoese, honestly think that *we* are the militarists.

We wish to have [says the *Frankfurter Zeitung* more than a year ago] as the result of this war a state of things in which the countries which have now attacked us shall for all time be unable to repeat their attack. Germany, peaceful as its Allies, has with them been entrusted with the historical mission of dictating a permanent peace to Europe. We are fighting primarily for existence, but still more for this—that there may be rest in Europe from vain, ambitious madmen and brigands, and that they may be shown, like all others, the fit and natural sphere to which they belong. They must be deprived once and for all of the desire to attack us; till then, not a word of peace! Then and then only can the law of peace, protected by forces which are strong and just, be established.

Except for a touch of arrogance in the claim to "an historical mission" to "dictate" peace, these words might have

¹ So Bernhardt, in so many words, "Might is at once the supreme Right, and the dispute as to what is Right is decided by the arbitrament of War." (*Germany and the Next War*, p. 23.) The answer to which is in the words of *The Times* (Sept. 5, 1914), "We have not entered on this war for material gain or for military glory. We have gone into it and we will fight it out to defeat the monstrous code of international morality which a certain school of German professors and German soldiers have adopted to the horror of mankind."

² "Not until the German people has been compelled to perceive this struggle in its true light can there be a prospect of lasting peace for the world. (*The Times*, late in 1914.)

been spoken by Mr. Lloyd George to his American interviewer. If they represent the views of the bulk of the German people, then we have the singular spectacle of half Europe fighting the other half to promote precisely what both desire. But they are not the views of those who engineered this war and then cloaked their aggression by pleas of self-defence. Nor does the recent history of Germany accord with these high ideals. The peace she has sought to "dictate" in Poland, Schleswick-Holstein, and Alsace-Lorraine has resolved itself into a brutal endeavour to force alien peoples into the German mould. Doubtless other Empires have sinned in like manner; for many centuries England tried to Anglicize Ireland; but none except Germany professes it now as a principle. For a parallel to the sentiment conveyed in the words of Prince von Bülow—"No consideration for the Polish people must hinder us from doing all that we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish domains"—we must go back many years in the history of England. Not perhaps so far in that of Russia, but her defenders put that down to the partial and temporary Germanizing of her bureaucracy. The point to dwell on is that, in spite of the practical paganism of the policy of Germany's ruling classes—her soldiers, junkers and professors—the idea of a peace founded on justice is no stranger to that nation. Her Catholic population, one-third of the whole, can indeed desire no other peace without denying their faith. Even more so in regard to the population of Austria-Hungary. Catholic doctrine about the rights and wrongs of war and conquest is too definite to be misunderstood. Those who represent the whole of Germany as being debauched by the State-worship of Treitschke and the philosophy of Nietzsche forget how large a proportion are bound by their religious beliefs to oppose these false and immoral doctrines. If it were not so, then we might despair of a lasting peace, for a defeated Germany which still made Prussianism her ideal could neither be effectually crushed nor ultimately reconciled.

The robust common sense of this country may, we think, be trusted to see the unlikelihood of Prussianism—the germ of international strife—being destroyed by a mentality favourable to its growth. Justice demands that in discussing peace the free sovereign States should advance no claims which they are not willing to allow to others similarly circumstanced. The Golden Rule must be their guide. There

must be no claim to exceptional privileges, much less to hegemony. Between independent States there is essential equality of nature, just as there is between men, however they may differ in abilities and surroundings. Consequently their essential rights must be respected, their independence, their territorial integrity, their religion, their freedom of contract and combination. The false idea that one nation may rightly be exploited for the benefit of another must join the discredited theory of the lawfulness of human slavery. The equally false notion that the prosperity of one is to be furthered by the impoverishment of another¹ must equally disappear. For the fatal policy of the Balance of Power, which assumed inevitable antagonisms and aimed at harmony by shifting alliances and counterpoises, must be substituted some form of concert or federation. The Congress of Vienna and the Congress of Berlin must be studied in order that our statesmen may learn what to avoid. The former was mainly occupied in securing the interests of certain ruling families to which the States of Europe were considered to "belong." There is little chance nowadays of the interests of dynasties as such loomng large in any Congress. The Teutonic Sovereigns, with the Allied rulers of Bulgaria and Turkey, and the friendly ruler of Greece, have dealt such a blow to the monarchical principle in its absolutist form that it will hardly survive the war.² The idea of dying to uphold the glory of such a family as the Hohenzollern will presently seem, even we may trust in Germany, as fantastic as anything in *Alice in Wonderland*. There are signs too that the professional diplomats—the real controllers of international questions in so-called democratic States—will henceforward be themselves somewhat more controlled by those whose servants they are.

In the coming Congress, then, it will be the welfare of the

¹ One recalls with shame and disgust the atrocious sentiment which appeared in the *Saturday Review* many years ago (Sept. 11, 1897), in pursuance of its blind egotistic nationalism. "If Germany [it wrote] were extinguished to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for 250,000,000 pounds of yearly commerce?" Here we have the ethics of the jungle openly preached. This passage and others like it may account for Germany's rooted mistrust of our motives. See Von Bulow's *Imperial Germany*: 1914 ed., p. 99.

² King Constantine: "I am prepared to leave the internal affairs of Greece to the Government, but in international relations I consider myself alone responsible before God for their direction."

M. Venizelos: "You are enunciating the doctrine of the Divine right of Kings, with which we have nothing to do in Greece."—*The Times*, Oct. 13.

several peoples concerned which will be sought. The problem to be considered will be—why these several nations, children of the same Father and meant, at any rate, to unite finally around His footstool, having many interests in common and only occasional matters of dispute, cannot unite to pursue their common interests and cannot refer their differences to process of law, instead of the barbarous, uncertain and preposterously wasteful arbitrament of war? Even putting religion out of sight, this seems the most obvious, the only rational course. War is a two-edged weapon which injures even the victor. Assuming that we took part in this conflict, as Germans say we did, in order to destroy German trade rivalry, what a wretched bargain we shall have made! To capture a hundred or so millions a year, we have loaded ourselves with a debt the interest on which will swallow all our gains for generations! Though we may get some indemnity for destruction of property, who will give us back the hundreds of thousands of young lives, with whom are buried so much of the nation's hopes? Whatever material advantage might result from our victory, it would be far too dearly purchased at such a cost. Nothing but its moral and spiritual achievements can be proportionate to such a sacrifice. But lives offered up for the triumph of justice are not thrown away. Therefore, it is of such importance that justice should triumph, not only in the field but also at the council. And justice will not prevail there if the principle that Might confers Right is not completely exorcised. The Allies are fighting, not for private interests, but that public right may be made secure. Now, to fight for a spiritual ideal and then straightway to abandon it when victory is gained would be as foolish as it is immoral.

The problem of the Peace Congress, therefore, resolves itself into the endeavour to discover some more rational *modus vivendi* amongst States than the Balance of Power, and some better instrument of justice than the blind and clumsy weapon of war. The policy of maintaining the Balance of Power starts with the assumption that all the great States would, if they could, try to upset it. It frankly disavows the likelihood of anything like regard for conscience in international dealings. Each State is looked upon as possibly harbouring unlawful ambitions, and the mere suspicion justifies the rest taking no risks. A precarious equipoise, as Mr. Asquith calls it, is maintained by incessant watchfulness, and a system of checks and counter-checks and hints

and rebuffs and plots and bargains, which keeps political Europe in chronic unrest and irritation. And it is this policy of mistrust which is the parent of that wild competition in armaments which all statesmen agree in denouncing as both costly and ineffective, yet which each is compelled to maintain because the others do. The actual Balance of Power will be completely destroyed with Germany's overthrow. It would be foolish, even if it were possible, to set it up again. We must unite instead of dividing. Co-operation instead of competition would at once lessen friction and promote the reduction of war-expenditure. And what need is there of competition? What are the common objects of desire or fruition which bring nations into conflict? Honour, territory, trade, religion,—these have all been the motives for war in the past. Happily, wars of religion are no longer thinkable: there are fanatics in every nation and creed but their numbers and influence are negligible. As for honour, dynastic differences, as we have seen, will no longer plague the world, but national honour is a very real and very great thing. Can that be vindicated except by the sword? Surely it can, just as surely as a verdict for libel given against an assailant clears the character of the individual. To think otherwise is to side with upholders of the duel. It is for the courts of law to punish aspersions of character. It is for the community of nations to exact due reparation for international affronts. It is for the Congress to set up machinery for this purpose. "Impossible," says the pessimist. Not on the assumption that the majority of States will undertake to practise, as they profess, Christian principles.

Trade opens up the large and complicated question of tariffs. It is part of the internal independence of every nation to determine on what conditions it will admit the products of foreign countries into its territory and on what conditions it will allow exports. It is not within its competence to try to force another nation to favour its own imports or impede those of a rival, though such matters may fairly be made matters of free contract. But tariffs and trade preferences are fruitful sources of international friction, and the promoter of international peace views them with dislike. They may sometimes be necessary for the development of some country, but they are a hateful necessity, inevitably arousing division and hostility. If a policy of universal free trade had been possible from the first, there would have been no

scramble for territory amongst the great nations, for desire of exclusive trade-facilities has always been the main motive of that form of competition. But in any case trade-disputes would seem of all others the most amenable to process of law: given a court and jurisdiction, one might expect from such a process a more sure and a much less expensive decision than could be obtained from fighting. Moreover, though the honour of a nation is involved in the treatment of each of its citizens, yet trade is purely individualistic. The nation benefits only indirectly, and sometimes not at all, from the commercial prosperity of any particular member. The trader as such represents only himself. It would be a sad abuse of the supreme authority to exert it to secure what are mainly private interests.

What in this connection is to be said of the "war after the war"—the war against German trade? Like other forms of warfare, this has a lawful and an unlawful aspect. It is lawful, in view of the past, to destroy all possibility of Germans using commerce as a cloak for political schemes, and therefore to refuse facilities for German firms to establish themselves amongst us; it is of course lawful to exclude German products with which we can supply ourselves; it is lawful to extend this policy to all parts of the Allied world where these treacherous practices have been prevalent. The prejudice which innocent Germans will suffer in furtherance of these just measures of self-protection is not to be attributed to us; it is part of the retribution which the crimes of their leaders have brought upon their nation. This attitude towards German commerce is lawful: how far it is expedient, it is for experts to say. What would be neither lawful nor expedient would be to try by artificial means to destroy the natural productivity of that people by putting pressure on neutrals to refuse its exports or by closing any part of the high seas to its vessels. Some of our journalists speak as though we had a right thus to deprive a whole nation of its means of prosperity: this is part of the policy of "crushing" Germany, which is so popular with the frothy and unreflective. The result of the war will leave Germany a nation: no dismemberment is feasible unless it comes from within, and the experience of all history shows that a common misfortune like defeat only strengthens national bonds. No nation, least of all one so vast, can be permanently "suppressed"; Germany must live and flourish again. No permanent boycotting

is possible, no expulsion from the family of nations. She cannot be refused, what the individual receives on sincere repentance and satisfaction, ultimate forgiveness. If she abandons the false ideals of Prussianism, accepts once more the Christian scheme of civilization, realizes, as the bulk of her subjects do not yet realize, that she has been misled by a practically atheistic philosophy, then her place in the European concert is assured. Meanwhile any unjust attempts to destroy her trade will only postpone that happy day, and, moreover, by thus making the Americas her chief market will only benefit them without helping us.

Territorial integrity and territorial expansion—for these nations have always striven: need the strife in the old age of the world still continue? There is no room for further territorial expansion in Europe: there is no justification for territorial expansion in the rest of the world, for there are no inhabitable territories left unoccupied. If disputes arise, then, they must concern territory already in possession; held presumably in defiance of the alleged rights of others. The only principle in regard to such disputes which holds any promise of peace is that enunciated by Mr. Churchill early in the war (September 16, 1914):

When it [the war] is over let us be careful not to make the same mistake or the same sort of mistake as Germany made when she had France prostrate at her feet in 1870. Let us, whatever we do, fight for and work towards great and sound principles for the European system, and the first of those principles which we should keep before us is the principle of nationality—that is, not the conquest nor the subjugation of any great community, or of any strong race of men, but the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered: and if doubt arises about disputed areas of country we should try to settle their ultimate destination, in the reconstruction of Europe which must follow from this war, with a fair regard for the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them.

If then, as a result of the coming settlement, any large homogeneous self-sufficing body of persons, entitled to call themselves a nation or a national group,¹ is placed, against its will, under alien sway, or deprived of its already existing au-

¹ It is to be remembered that a nation, as distinct from a race, is a moral entity held together by a common will, and strengthened by common traditions and a common political ethos. Such a voluntary union develops a kind of personality and personal rights, chief amongst which is a greater or less degree of autonomy.

tonomy, we have at once the germs of future disturbance. All authority finds its justification in the welfare of its subjects, and that welfare cannot be said to be thoroughly secured if they are robbed of their chief natural good, liberty to choose their own form of government. Even good government, as Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman once said, is no fit substitute for self-government. Wherever, then, the spirit of democracy has spread, and peoples show aptitude for political matters, a measure of autonomy is their due. The principle of nationality, so admirable when kept within the limits of justice, so pernicious when developed without recognition of those limits, should be the main determinant of the future settlement. The task is of enormous difficulty, complicated as it is by questions of language, creed and economics. Many pens have essayed it, some wisely and some without adequate consideration. It is much that our responsible statesmen have learnt the lessons of history and are determined that the peoples, who have most to suffer in war, shall have a voice in arranging conditions of peace.

Not less important is it to consider the coming peace in our social relations, too vast a subject to be attempted now.

J. KEATING.

THE HEAVENLY KEEPSAKE

THIS soul is not mine own! Meseems God said
 Take thou this flower and tend it lovingly
 Through all thy years; when I shall summon thee
 Thou shalt restore the rose for which I bled.
 Alas, those years! Exceeding great my dread
 Lest God should find the flower He wrought for me
 Shrunk, faded, cankered, piteous to see
 With all its old-time beauty forfeited!

Shall I, so failing, question or repine?
 Great God of Love, at rumour of Thy power
 The Cana-waters burned with strange delight
 And trembled into fire-enchanted wine
 Are souls less wonder-worth? Come, bid my flower
 Unclose with life immortal in Thy sight!

DESMOND M'CAULIFFE.

THE STRANGER

IT was evening and the flat red winter sun was nearing his couch on the southern end of Hamildown. Hamildown is one of the highest and broadest plateaux on Dartmoor. To walk straight across it, from the point above the ancient British village of Grimspound past the Ordnance cairn, and the rugged old Celtic cross, over Broad Barrow, Tweeny Barrow and Two Barrows, to Hamildown Beacon itself is like walking on the dome of the world. To the west, at your right hand, lies that land of amethyst, western Dartmoor, with Dartmeet, Bellever, and the long coils of the grey prison buildings; to the east on your left are Hound Tor, Hey, Saddle and Rippon and the chain of tors above Widecombe-in-the-Moor; to the south far ahead you see the azure blue and coral map of fair Devon with a haze of sea encircling it, and Marychurch standing like a white celestial city with the two fingers of its twin spires pointing to a still higher heaven. Behind you are Yes Tor, the highest mountain in the South of England, and further north Somersetshire, with the Bristol Channel and the lesser heights of Exmoor and Dunkery Beacon.

Esther Withycombe knew and loved every inch of Hamildown. He was more than a world to her. He was a living friend, dearer than most human friends. Her cottage stood alone between Warren House Inn and Chagford, the outlying old moorland town.

She was far from any human neighbour and she lived alone in her cot. Her father had been a humble moorland farmer at whose death the farm had been sold, and the capital invested for Esther. The interest on this sum, together with a tiny old cottage once inhabited by the farm labourer, were sufficient for her needs. All her life the girl had lived on the moor. She had been born there and meant to die there. It never once entered her head to leave the land and seek either work or amusements in some distant town.

At first, the motherly moorfolk were placidly uneasy at her lonely life, but they got used to it and ceased to trouble about her on wild nights when the storm hounds were howling over the black moor.

From this, do not infer that Esther led a vegetable existence. She did not. Her life was prayer, pure and simple. Every Sunday, unless the snow rendered the roads impassable, Esther rode her nimble Dartmoor pony down past Grimspound, up over the hunter's track skirting the southern foot of Hamildown and down again past King's Head corner, to the little public chapel in Widecombe. There she filled her soul to overflowing with grace enough to last till her next Mass, and then rode back to her lonely cell and prayed away another seven days.

To this moor maiden, with generations of moor blood in her veins, the moor and the land were direct revelations of God. She saw His strength in the mighty tors, His tenderness in the tiny heather bell, His purity in the limpid streams, His wisdom in the ways of all the wild things, His skill in the countless stars that swung, silent, over the great dusk reaches of Hamildown, and His love in all.

Her days, even her hours, were mapped out into silent pæans of praise to Him for His attributes as she saw these revealed, materialized, in her moor. And certain hours of every day were devoted to prayer for sinners, for the sick, for the sorrowful, for the dying and for the dead.

Esther was entirely unconscious of the fact that she was a twentieth century saint and mystic. Indeed she would not have known the meaning of the word "mystic." To her it all seemed so natural, so inevitable. God had placed her on Dartmoor. Till He showed her that He willed her to leave it she meant to stay and bless Him for creating her and the moor.

She was standing at her door, watching the sun lie down on the seal-brown couch of Hamildown. The last floods of light were red and their low beams touched the countless frozen pools among the bogs till these were turned to blood among the black and brown and thin sprinkling of white upon the face of the moor. Not a twig of heather moved. Not a cloud was in sight. It meant another night of frost and another dazzling still golden ice-gemmed day to follow.

Esther stood till even the afterglow had faded. Then she turned, shut the door behind her, piled fresh logs and fragrant fags upon the open hearth fire, and sat down beside it, with her rosary.

The twilight hour was her hour of prayer for the dying.

When it was quite dark she lighted the lamp and got out

her knitting. The great moor lay fast asleep and not the faintest sound could be heard from any side. The cottage stood too high to be within sound of any of the moor rivers. There were no trees or barns to harbour owls. The silences were palpable.

At last, however, came an unwonted sound. Esther stopped knitting, amazed, to listen. It was the sound of footsteps along the high road. The great white road that ran past her door is the main road across the moor from Exeter to Plymouth, and, by day, some traffic of coaches and cars pass that way. But even these are rare in winter, and at night almost unknown. Pedestrians are rarer still.

Esther listened to the coming feet. It was unmistakably a man's tread, though it was not heavy. But it was evidently spent. It faltered unevenly as if the wayfarer had almost reached the end of his strength if not of his journey. The girl could hear the sound from a long distance on account of the hardness of the road and the intense stillness of the night.

"God be with him on his way," she murmured, as the feet came abreast of her little casement window. Then her heart began to quicken its beating, for the sound ceased and a gentle knock sounded on the door.

She rose and undid the latch, holding the lamp in her left hand so that it shone full upon her unknown visitor. Yes, obviously the man was spent. He was young and he looked a rough lot. There were lines round his eyes and mouth which were not carved there by the years.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," he began, with an accent and inflection which were new to Esther. "Am I far from the Vitiifer Mines?"

The girl laughed outright. It was really funny. A man who was eight miles from the mines wanting them at this time of night when work had stopped hours previously!

"Yes, fey," she answered, with a smile. "You'm eight miles from they and 'twould be a rare job for a stranger to find 'en by day, let alone by night. Besides, the men be gone hours ago. What do 'ee want they for?"

"Work," said the stranger briefly. "I hear they're short-handed, and it's unskilled labour there, much of it. Is there an inn near by?"

"There's Warren House, four or five miles up along——" she began, but was interrupted by a hoarse laugh from her visitor.

"Four or five miles! I couldn't do it, to save my life. Well, I must lie out under a gorse bush."

"Don't 'ee," exclaimed Esther, as he was turning away. "You'm welcome to my other bed for the night, and 'tis warm in by the fire and us'll have some supper."

To her surprise the man did not reply. She looked and saw that his face was working. He was obviously on the point of breaking down.

"Come inside," she said gently. Uncovering his head the man stumbled in, flopped into the big wooden elbow chair beside the red hot hearth, and quietly fainted away.

Esther was not accustomed to fainting fits, which are rare on Dartmoor, but she did her best. She fetched cold water and sprinkled his face with it. The water was so icy cold that the shock did its work. He opened his eyes and looked at her vaguely.

"Lean your head right back," she said gently. "And let me lift your poor feet on this chair. Reckon they'm sore with the hard roads."

Then, in spite of his protests, she removed his boots and socks, bathed his sore feet with hot soft water, and put a pair of new socks on them. That done, she swung the great black kettle into the very heart of the fire, and soon a frying pan was on the hot embers beside it, sending out a fragrance which made the wanderer's very mouth to water.

He lay back, too spent to talk, and watched the grave, fine face, ruddy from its hours in the sun and wind; the bright, steady eyes, and sun-tinted hair till a mist came again before his tired vision.

Very soon she pulled the table over beside his chair and sat down on the other side, facing him. Hot tea it was. To him, nectar. New laid eggs, and home-cured ham; home-made bread baked among the turves; butter made from Devon cream, and a wilderness of cakes and tarts. They ate and drank almost in silence; quite in silence except for the exigencies of the meal.

When he could eat and drink no more, Esther cleared everything away and then announced that she was going up to prepare his bed.

So he sat alone for some twenty minutes in the utter stillness beside the hot fire, no longer a cold, starving outcast but a man housed, warmed and fed.

His thoughts were too deep for translation. When she returned he roused himself.

"I can never thank you," he began huskily. "You are evidently living alone here in this solitary place. You have never given a thought to yourself. Don't you know it might be dangerous for an unprotected woman to take a strange man into her house? You must never do it again. And suppose I turn out to be a blackguard? At the least, I might rob you?"

Esther smiled. "I baint frit," she said simply. "God will protect me."

"Do you think He protects all lonely women?" asked the man bitterly.

"If they want Him to, of course."

"If they want Him to!" echoed the man slowly. "There's a world of wisdom in that proviso. But why do you live here alone? Is it safe?"

"Yes, fey," laughed Esther, "safer than a town. It was my father's. He left it to me, and some money. I was born on the moor and have lived here all my life."

"Happy you. And happy moor. Have you ever before taken in a perishing fellow creature?"

"Never."

"And suppose I am not fit to be under your roof?" said the man, in a low voice, with his eyes fixed on the fire. "Suppose I am a blackguard?"

"You baint a blackguard."

"How do you know? You have never met one."

"No,—but I do know, all the same. You baint a blackguard."

There was a long silence. The man still stared, transfixed, into the fire.

"From to-night," he murmured, at last. "So help me, God. Child, do you ever pray?"

"All day," replied Esther, placidly.

"Will you pray for my soul?"

"Yes, fey."

"Now, may I go to bed?"

Esther rose and led the way into a tiny white room, with a sloping roof, a little casement window, and a narrow white bed.

The man looked in and his face worked again. "Is this yours?" he asked slowly.

"My room? No; mine be next to it. If you'm ill in the night, call and I shall hear."

She closed the door. The man stood looking round the little white room. Then he fell on his knees and said again, "From to-night. So help me, God."

Then he lay down and slept like a worn out child.

Next morning the sun was streaming into his room before he woke.

On coming down he found the fire lighted and breakfast ready. They ate almost in silence. Then he rose and looked her full in the face.

"God will reward you. I cannot thank you. No, if you will excuse me, I won't shake hands—yet."

He walked out with bent, bare head. Esther was awed into silence by his face and manner. Also she was puzzled. What did he mean by that "yet"? Was he coming back?

She watched him pass along the great white road till it dipped over the moor rim. Tears were in her eyes as she turned back to the house. All day she prayed and at night-fall listened, palpitating, for his footstep. But it did not come.

Days, weeks, months passed. She prayed steadfastly, but he did not come.

A year later came a letter. Esther never had letters, and she stared incredulously at the postman when he appeared.

She carried it to the fireside and opened it. It had no address, no beginning, and no ending. It was written in a man's clear hand.

"You remember taking in a poor outcast exactly a year ago? He was a blackguard, even when he crossed your little threshold, but his blackness fell from him at your mighty word of faith. You said I was no blackguard. I could not let you be wrong. So then and there I gave it up. I would not shake hands with you at parting because I was not fit to touch you. Since then I have been working to make my hands clean—and then working again that they may not come to you empty. I had been discharged that day from Exeter Hospital and was looking out for unskilled labour requiring no character. They told me of your neighbouring mines. But, since then, your prayers have never left me, and I have done better than mining. I have redeemed the past. The same day—that will be to-morrow—I am coming back to you, clean."

Esther's heart gave a great leap and then raced off at a pace it had never before achieved, not even when she was climbing the steepest slope of Hamildown.

"A year ago you took me into your home and saved my soul. I am coming back to ask you to take me further still—namely, into your heart also, now and for ever. I am unmarried and always shall be. I could never lift my eyes so high as to ask you to be my wife. Your hermit life of prayer, your life alone with God, is to me something lovely and sacred. All I ask is that you will be my friend, though this I know, is much, and is happiness enough for all my life. I have work to do in the world. Well, give me always the assurance that I am ever in your prayers and thoughts; let me write to you sometimes and come to you sometimes. If you will do this, meet me at the door to-morrow evening and lead me into your home again."

When the stranger returned next evening Esther stood waiting at the open door. Joyously he held out his hands. She put hers into them and led him gently in.

OLIVE KATHARINE PARR.

THE PRIEST IN "ROUND THE CORNER"

MR. CANNAN'S novel *Round the Corner* contains an unconventional portrait of a priest which may repay separate study. I am, perhaps, being naïve in taking his sketch of Father Soledano seriously. Yet it is impossible to suppose that Mr. Cannan introduces this personage at haphazard. I cannot even suppose he introduces him for variety's sake merely, nor even just for the sake of eliciting the views of Serge Folyat, which we may presume to be Mr. Cannan's own, more or less. Soledano must surely speak as he does, partly at least because he is a Catholic and a priest. His talk, though there is not much of it, would ring entirely false in the mouth of a Baptist minister. Nor are we to suppose that he is intended to be merely heterodox: in that case, he scarcely would interest us. A priest who says what, in a priest's mouth, is unexpected, probably interests us just as long as, claiming to be orthodox, he also claims to be reconciling, in his mind, his utterances with a creed with which they appear to clash. A man who has frankly ceased to believe in Catholic dogma, has, naturally enough, a wide choice of opinion to which he may give vent. But then, for the purposes of argument, he is not a Catholic nor a priest, and his statements are merely his own. Artistically, it is preferable to suppose that Mr. Cannan intends Father Soledano to think and talk as a Catholic priest legitimately might in view of, and even in consequence of, his profession. Then it becomes interesting to see to what this outside study of our priesthood leads, even if our own examination remains inconclusive or issues into platitude.

With the story as a whole we are, of course, not concerned. Briefly, it relates the life of the Rev. Francis Folyat, a clergyman of good family who abandoned his Cornwall sinecure for a life among the poor in, it may be supposed, Manchester; at any rate, in a large northern manufacturing and commercial city. His career there is one of practically unbroken gloom and disappointment, into which an autumn happiness enters along with a sort of humanitarian agnosticism, blunting any dogmatic outlines or tendencies to condemnation he

might once have entertained, and causing him to understand even his disastrous family a little better. This is introduced into his life by experience interpreted by his son Serge, a valiant optimistic vagabond whom Mr. Cannan portrays with great charm and sympathy.

Father Soledano was a priest attached to the Catholic Cathedral, an Irishman of Spanish extraction, little and ugly, lame, of bristling hair, a regular Thersites of a priest, but for his glowing eyes and sensitive mouth. His folk were Irish, French, Bavarians, Lithuanians, Poles, a terrible collection, intermingled with repulsive but highly moral Jews. All these were victims of the sweated industries and found solace in drink and superstition. Francis Folyat did a good turn of saint-like Quixotry to one of Soledano's parishioners, and thus made friends with the priest, who took to supping with him on Sundays. Soledano and Folyat exchanged impressions of the town and its social conditions. Each was able, after his fashion, to criticize.

To Soledano, machinery, as he calls the industrial system, seems to have got out of hand. Man has made it, but can no more control it.

That, Serge argues, is like the Church, which is always taking, and giving nothing in return. Anyhow it interferes. Thus, it struggles to regain the temporal power.

"The Church and State should be one."

Serge agrees, if the Church be really a Church, and the State a State. To a Catholic church he has never been; his father's he sees to be "an imitation, a fairly good imitation and quite attractive, but having nothing at all to do with religion as I understand it."

And religion he takes to be "the profoundest instinct in a human being, that instinct of life which embraces and should direct all the rest."

"I agree," says Soledano, "but it is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

But Bennett Lawrie, a young ritualist who was present, was scandalized, not by the priest's sentiments, but by the fact that religion is criticized at all. He protests. We are bound by the Church's tradition and dogma. Its tradition, Serge retorts, has been unhappy in its results, and its dogma contradicts the spirit of the New Testament. "But," argues Bennett, triumphantly, "how about morals?"

Serge rather violently asserts that Christians have evolved

a morality which they apply to others, not to themselves. Their standard is Pharisaic. All parsons preach so fearful a picture of others' wickedness that their hearers feel themselves angels in comparison. "It's an old dodge, and I daresay Father Soledano makes use of it too."

"I do," says Father Soledano. "I do."

Bennett gapes. *His* religion, he proclaims, is his "whole life."

"I am sorry for you," Serge returns. "You will be badly hurt when life gobbles you up and gives you other engrossing interests, which you will be ill-equipped to tackle."

Soledano protests against this unfair application of generalisations to the particular. Serge in his turn protests, precisely against "the unkindness and dishonesty of stuffing young people, and ignorant people, with generalisations."

"What else can you give them? They are not conscious of individuality."

"I don't believe that, and even if it were so, you ought to leave them free to become conscious—if they can."

"The risk is too great."

"What risk?"

The answer is not given here. Bennett suddenly exclaims that people *can't* do as they like.

"Young idiot!" cries Serge. "They can, and they do. Isn't it your experience, Father, that they do? The trouble is that with all these foolish generalisations buzzing in their heads they are always doing the wrong things, and doing them in the wrong way, shuffling, and sneaking so as to hide away from the bogies you give them." He asks Bennett if his Sunday religion has the slightest bearing on his week-day thoughts and actions.

"It keeps me from temptation."

"How? By running away from it?"

Bennett cries that if Serge had to live with *his* drunken beast of a father he'd soon believe in God. . . .

Naturally the conversation has to stop.

This is the first scene with Soledano. It leaves us confused. We have no real idea what we are to gather from it. If we are to gather nothing, it is inartistic, because Soledano appears no more for nearly 300 pages and has played no structural part, therefore, in the development of anyone or anything. He might have been left out. Most of life, as it

is lived, I daresay Mr. Cannan would retort, might just as well be left out.

Still, after many pages Soledano reappears. He had remained, we are told, a constant friend of Folyat's because of their "kinship of humour and their common taste for mental caricature." Each ridiculed the town they lived in; Soledano went further, and jeered at the British Empire.

The friends were spending Sunday evening together. The English, the priest held, were arrogant, hypocrites, thieves, and justly hated everywhere. They have taught the nations how to steal. Serge retorts that no one needed teaching. Mankind in the mass were abominable. "Stealing" just depended on which nation was the stronger. In a nation, individuals have "pooled their sense of right and wrong" and one is as bad as the other. Soledano will have it that collective villainy and individual good action are incompatible. "You can't," says Serge, "indict a nation." Soledano can and does. Serge supports his view by proclaiming, in the nation, a "herd" which blindly does the will of the few unscrupulous individuals at its head. So national action is really individual after all. At present there is no corrective, he sees with appallment, to the base ideal of success, wealth, and power, save the blind revolt of men and especially women. Art, theatres, journalism, are all now at the mercy of the Pay-master. Work breeds no joy. . . . Spiritual health is even more valuable than material: but material organization leads now to no spiritual health. Life means work and love; at present love is denied, and work is a sheer miserable necessity. Men are educated as slaves, and slaves they will remain.

Soledano agrees, and does not much mind.

"If you are stupid enough," he says, "you can stand anything. Men are stupid. That is the whole story. When you have said that you have said everything."

Serge rises in revolt. Inspired by a base ideal, men have done all they could. The noble ideal of a life of love and work shall inspire them to something far, far better, and they shall reach even "material well-being in justice through spiritual health."

Soledano is frankly contemptuous. "That is your English idealism. Men can only understand a base ideal. Their only impulsive instinct is hunger, and even the one other instinct of importance, reproduction, has to take its chance. Women

have the worse time, because the two instincts rend them to their soul's innermost, and they laugh at this idealism."

Serge sighs. Well, drop the idealism. Concentrate on the hunger and reproductive instincts; satisfy *them*.

"It is impossible. You are asking men to be intelligent. The English will never be that."

Later, Serge asks the priest how he reconciles this with what he says in church.

"I don't."

"Can you go on?"

"I do what I am told." If we examined orders, we should do little. "On the whole we do good." We check brutality; we offer an outlet for emotions. . . .

"How much do you believe of what you tell them?"

"I have never examined my belief. . . . I do what I am told to do." If he apostatized, his place would be taken by another. Men and women are too many: life moves too swiftly. . . . He too "works" and "loves." "Very lovingly I despise men, because I know them as you, I think, do not."

"It seems to me cowardly and despicable to teach men to believe in another life beyond the grave."

"Life, as it is, must be made supportable."

"From within, not from without."

Soledano asks Serge to be just to the Church. Priests at least show faith in the next life by renouncing many a pleasure in this, for the sake of their flock.

"To stifle an instinct is as bad as its abuse by excess," is his answer, which the priest finds "interesting but too naïve and simple. The idea of original sin may be fanciful, it may have its origin in Oriental myth, but there is contamination from some source or another."

Frankly, I do not quite follow this retort, unless Mr. Cannan is making the common mistake of supposing Catholic theology and therefore Father Soledano (officially) to teach that "original sin" is a *bad instinct*, or a positively corrupt element in the soul. It is, of course, the forfeiting of a strictly supernatural grace. Soledano then, according to Mr. Cannan, argues: Complete repression of instinct is not so bad as its abuse by excess, for from *some* source or another (if you won't allow it to be "original sin") human instinct has been defiled.

Serge proceeds, at any rate, to argue that life is spoilt only

by its misinterpretation. "I say it is quite possible for men to understand life."

"It is quite impossible. They can only live it."

Then there is no meaning in all their activity—material and mental?

"I can see none." Emancipate them from bodily hunger, the Spirit's hunger still remains.

Exactly. And if the material machinery of the world were managed right, men would then at last be *free* to cope with the spiritual hunger. The present generation is more intelligent than the last; the future will be still more intelligent.

The priest recalls Serge's deplorable home.

Again he agrees; but that melancholy present forces him to look, for hope, to the future. "You make the mistake of taking men as you find them. I take myself and discover what I might be, into what I might grow if I could get my fill of friendship, and affection, and love."

"Love is of God."

"God is in man. I take myself, as I say. There is much in myself that I despise, even as you despise men, but there is in myself an essence which I know to be unconquerable and free. That you translate into another world and call God and eternal life. You postpone freedom, because to you the crust of slavery seems impenetrable. I want freedom for that essence in myself here and now. It is the fiercest instinct in me, stronger than hunger, stronger than reproduction, which are only by the way. What I find in myself I believe to exist in all other men."

"But then," said Father Soledano, "you have never done as you were told."

Serge laughed and took his leave.

Now Mr. Cannan's book, which has been much criticized, cannot by anyone be termed an irreligious book. It is true that he does not believe in Christianity, at least as dogmatically construed, or as emphasizing supernatural values in the present life, or an eclipsing importance, so to call it, in the next. But it is (to my feeling) penetrated by an enormous reverence—or a desire to find that which may be revered; and an ideal which far transcends the material. He is fond of Francis Folyat and of Serge, and both these men, in their several ways, are seeking *first* the Kingdom of God. The first step towards true worship is the recognition of a spiritual world, deep behind (or better still,

within) the passing show of things. And the book is never once unclean. It is, therefore, utterly different from, say, Mr. George Moore's usual method. Yet it is fully up to that author's standard of realism, and is far from lacking in a similar literary spell. True, it is indescribably sad, even in its optimism; and it shrinks from no sordid element in scenery or character. If it be permitted to say so, it finds a near ally in Father Garrold's *Onion Peelers*, a book which has, it too, been criticized for its pitilessness and unilluminated horizons—wrongly, we may say; for there is that in Father Garrold's work which constantly just saves it from cruelty and cynicism, and we see clearly enough that Mr. Cannan, not having the Catholic writer's ultimate creed, has to fight those two temptations with weaker weapons, and does so no less bravely. Therefore his study of Soledano is no mere anti-clerical sneer, and stands for a real effort to arrive at and express a point of view.

I imagine Soledano to have been a poet who refused himself the solace of illusions. The poetic temperament is, by definition, constructive, and tempted constantly to rearrange and beautify the facts it encounters. This he refused to himself. He was, moreover, "clever," by which I mean analytic, destructive therefore, critical, and appallingly tempted in consequence to cynicism. You may observe the perfection of this type, conquered by its own qualities, in Bernard Shaw's terrible Irishman Doyle, in *John Bull's Other Island*. Soledano had not yet conquered, but was assuredly not conquered by, this temptation. His eyes still "glowed." . . . He loved, and was dearly loved. No real cynic succumbs to, or earns, real love. Still, had he any right to talk as he did? Of course we may discount his tirades against Manchester and the British Empire in general. A man of Spanish and Irish descent may be excused from detecting much that is beautiful and worshipful in that. But what of his views on humanity, and on their relation to his office and creed? First, we may believe that this man of "sensitive mouth" was fiercely reticent with regard to what lay deepest in him. Observe that Mr. Cannan avoids setting down his answer, if he made one, to those two questions, *Why is it impossible?* and, *What risk?* Perhaps he was not sure what the answer would have been. Probably Soledano fenced. He was not going to "confess himself," nor even to embark upon the full statement of the supernatural core of

Catholic faith, to a man the back of whose mind, so to say, was utterly unprepared to sympathize with or even intellectually to grasp it. This meant no "Gnosticism," nor "economy" of a doctrine intended for a select and mystic few. He preached the whole system of Grace and its associated mysteries to his drunken Poles and Irish. The back of *their* mind *was* Catholic. But idly would a man enlarge upon the mystery of the Trinity to one whose contemplation, say, of material misery had wrecked his belief in God. Soledano had to take Serge where he found him, though that was, indeed, what Serge blamed him, afterwards, for doing on a more general scale.

Then, I fancy that Soledano had his share of perversity. Just as we are tempted to get angry with a theorist who spends in speculation the hours during which men lie starving, or discusses the ethics of war when he might be fighting, so might a man of Soledano's experience and theology be inclined to emphasize the otherworldly precepts of the latter, and the disillusionments of the former, in presence of a man who believed in the perfectibility of sheer humanity. "Machinery" was to be *so* perfected that it set men free to be, at long last, "spiritual." "Nonsense," said Soledano, and seemed, at once, a cynic.

The flaw, in the first scene, is that the priest does certainly seem to despair of the individual, and even to suggest that religion can but offer the food of generalisations which individuals may assimilate as best they can. That, if Soledano is meant really to be "orthodox," is a mistake of Mr. Cannan's. No priesthood save the Catholic, or clerics who imitate its methods closely, like Father Dolling, while substituting for unique spiritual sanctions a dominant personality, does constantly and successfully penetrate to the innermost of individuals. That has become notorious at the Front. Chaplains other than Catholic act successfully as "sound men," and succeed in proportion as each has character and personality. But the Catholic priesthood is endowed with so strong a sanction that its members, provided they do their duty, can almost dispense with personality, and yet everywhere encounter it, and get at the real thing each time and always. Or look no further than the Confessional. *There* is a relentless application of the general law to the individual soul. Catholics may be poor enough Catholics; but they know well enough that their religion can assuredly be no Sunday affair,

but that beyond all behaviour lies the Confessional with its duty of self-observation, discussion, verdict and resolve. It may be misused, or poorly used, but it is always there. Perhaps Mr. Cannan does not guess how relentless is its test; how analytic and *precipitating* is its force within the complexity of the human soul; how cold a douche after the steam bath of religious emotion. But Soledano knew all that, and remembered it, and perhaps, even with Serge, would not altogether have refrained from mentioning it.

In the second scene, Mr. Cannan makes, I feel, a slip. He tells us that Soledano says he has never examined his belief. He just *finds himself* a cog on a certain sort of wheel, and occupies himself with going round. Now really that is impossible. Even a very stupid man could hardly go through a priest's theological training quite without some surmises, panics, enthusiastic visions, chills at the heart, recapturings of nerve, issuing into a more personal appropriation of doctrine. And Soledano was a very clever man. As a young man he must have been quite horribly clever. I imagine his tongue worried his professors more than a little, unless he kept wholly to himself, which does not appear quite in harmony with his character. I think Mr. Cannan misconstrues the *quality* of the Catholic's complete submission of the intellect, and probably, that of his "blind obedience" to orders. Neither the assent of faith or the obedience of behaviour are given in *defiance* of intelligence, nor even in its disregard. But in presence of the free-lance Serge I can quite imagine Soledano's taking up the pose which most should defy him.

Where I feel Soledano does go wrong, by deficit, is in his complete silence about the Incarnation. I know that an early Christian apologist succeeded in writing a defence of Christianity without once mentioning Jesus Christ. Still, he might have done better. . . . For, whether Serge could believe in that Name or not, he might have been made to see that precisely there was effected, as all other Reconciliations, so that particular Reconciliation of Immanence and Transcendence, which he failed to find. He thought Father Soledano preached a purely transcendent faith, a salvation administered wholly from outside, a Heaven utterly out of relation to earth, and I am bound to say Soledano did nothing to correct him. Yet he said his daily Mass. He knew well enough that Christianity is throughout sacramental, and must be, as long

as souls are no mere prisoners in bodies, but, *with* the body, the coefficient of Mankind. Sacramental true religion *must* be, as long as man walks on earth. After all, in the wide sense, every blade of grass and dewdrop, and in fact the whole globe and visible universe, are made vehicles of God's Presence and Power, and thereby sacramental. It is thus impossible for a Christian ever to despise even dirt, or a fool, or a sinner. Mrs. Craigie, who but for her valiant Catholicism, would have been the cruellest of cynics, saw well enough that "God took human nature, not despising it."¹ It remains that no philosophy, no world-interpretation, is worth a moment of a Catholic's while, which does not "look to Christ." This is the more agonizingly cogent, because (naturally enough) His very Name, nor only work and meaning, is in this country becoming horribly forgotten. I have known of children who, on seeing a Crucifix, thought that this was a threat of what would happen to them if they were naughty. I repeat the terrible prohibition, imposed by a distinguished person, upon the Crucifix presented by a zealous High Churchman to dying soldiers, on the ground that "we don't *want* these depressing subjects introduced into the wards." I know a mother who deliberately refuses even to allude to the Passion before her little daughters, "because I want them to be happy, and it makes them cry." I can never forget my chauffeur friend who quite frankly assumed a man might never have heard of Jesus Christ, if he hadn't happened to see some scenes of His Life in a Sunday Cinema. There are whole classes of soldiers who go out to fight, having an outside knowledge of Chapels because they have met shopkeepers who go to them, but to whose thought "Church" never, of course, ever occurs, since Churches are still the monopoly of the unknown and often hated "rich." Alone Catholics rightfully possess, and soon in fact will alone be able to offer, Jesus Christ. There is a whole philosophy of Christ which Father Soledano perhaps never mentions because Mr. Cannan may not guess it. It is not Serge's, nor even Mr. Folyat's, nor poor little Bennett Lawrie's; but there it is, after all, and woe to those who, knowing it, do not preach it.

Thus it is that a balanced Catholic mind will lose sight neither of the pitifulness of human nature, nor its dignity of origin, nor its sublimity of vocation. A man can only

¹ I quote from memory.

"despise" it, even "lovingly," if he forgets God who made it and Christ who re-made it. Frankly, we feel that Mr. Cannan wishes to show how experience teaches, very gradually, love and hopeful service, and is only hindered by the rigorous framework of an otherworldly creed. Very loyally, he takes no caricatures of believers for the enforcing of his lesson; very logically, he displays in Folyat and Soledano superb qualities of self-devotion which issue into a certain happiness or at least resignation in proportion as theory disappears beneath the solvent of day-to-day self-sacrifice; with true insight he observes that Soledano's creed, far more closely knit than the Anglican's, yields far more reluctantly, and permits to him less ultimate "natural" content. Folyat's creed will not evaporate entirely, but he is content, in the end, to feel affectionately towards life, and not to *know*. Soledano is far clearer sighted, even humanly, and suffers the more acutely, and speaks more bitterly; and in his heart hopes more passionately. But there are riches in Christ of which neither these two men, nor (he makes it clear) their portrayer, can make use, though they are all in Soledano's hands.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

CHARITY

WHO think of Charity as milky-eyed
 Know not of God's great handmaid's terrible name,
 Who comes in garments by the rainbow dyed,
 And crowned and winged and charioted with flame.

For Truth and Justice ride abroad with her,
 And Honour's trumpets peal before her face;
 The high archangels stand and minister
 When she doth sit within her holy place.

None knoweth in the depth, nor in the height,
 What meaneth charity, God's secret word,
 But kiss her feet, and veil their burning sight
 Before her naked heart, her naked sword.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

CONCERNING PRAYER

I.

IN our last number we made a brief reference to the Anglican National Mission, which was then entering on its final stage of direct appeal to the people generally. Though unable to see eye to eye with its projectors on all matters, we anticipated much good from the movement, and expressed our best wishes for its success. In this present article we feel bound to protest against a book recently published which is not likely to be regarded sympathetically by the main body of those engaged in the work of the National Mission, but is none the less, perhaps by some oversight, highly recommended in a list of "books to read in connexion with the National Mission," found in the *Bulletin* published in its behalf by the S.P.C.K. The book is entitled *Concerning Prayer*, its nature, its difficulties, and its value,¹ and is described by the *Bulletin* as "a particularly valuable collection of essays, edited by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*." "Specially appropriate," the *Bulletin* adds, "to the National Mission is an essay by the Editor on Repentance and Hope, but the thought of the possibility of moral and religious revival is in the minds of all the writers." These writers are Canon B. H. Streeter and the Rev. Harold Anson (two examining chaplains to Anglican Bishops), the Rev. Leonard Hodgson and the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews (beneficed clergymen), Mr. A. C. Turner and Mr. R. G. Collingwood (University Dons), and the Lady Editor. All these are Anglicans, but with them are the Rev. W. F. Lofthouse (a Wesleyan theological tutor), the Rev. N. Micklem (the Congregational Minister of Highbury Chapel, Bristol), and Dr. Rufus Jones (of the Society of Friends, Professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, Pennsylvania).

Some of these names will be recognized as those of clergymen known for their advanced rationalistic views, and the character of their contributions to this volume testifies that the rest belong to the same theological school. One might wonder, therefore, that they should be found classed

¹ *Concerning Prayer, Its Nature, its Difficulties, and its Value.* By the Author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, and others. London: Macmillan and Co. Pp. xiii. 504. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1916.

among those working for a movement of so spiritual an order as this Mission aspires to be. Some attempt to remove this perplexity from the minds of those astonished at the *Bulletin's* recommendation of their book is indeed offered by a paragraph in the same *Bulletin*, which pleads that "in the course of publishing literature for the Mission it has become clear that a serious loss would be incurred if only those publications are included which can obviously claim immediate and general sanction."

It is felt [the *Bulletin* adds] that the literature of the Mission should, as far as possible, embrace the whole experience of Churchmen; it should be inclusive, not exclusive. To act on any other principle would mean the impoverishment of the Church, for it would mean that we were tossing aside most of the best work that has been done in the last fifty years. . . . But the aim of the National Mission is synthetic; our great hope is that it will bring coherence, will harmonise and consolidate much that has been sectional, and that all positive experience of whatever kind may be gathered into it.

It is not difficult to see how under present conditions of opinion and practice in the Anglican fold this policy of inclusiveness is felt to be necessary; and we can understand how the High and the Low Church sections may think that each has something to learn from the other. It is more difficult to understand how Broad Church denials of the very foundations of the Christian faith, or doubts of the utility of prayer itself, can be thought capable of being woven into a synthesis advantageous to the work of this National Mission. But do we exaggerate the destructive tendency of these essays "concerning prayer," of which the *Bulletin* speaks in such commendatory terms? Let us see.

At the back of most men's minds there is the belief, more or less clearly defined, that Prayer is an activity the value of which is so open to question that for the men and women who have to carry on the world's work it is decidedly not worth while; it may safely be left to ministers and monks and to pious ladies who have nothing else to do.

By many even of the more religious-minded to-day the whole conception of Prayer is felt to be full of perplexing questions. Can we believe in Providence at all; or in what spirit can we pray to the Creator of a world so full of misery? Has Prayer any meaning in a Universe governed by universal law? If God wills our good and knows our needs, why tell Him of them in Prayer? What practical results ought we to expect from Prayer?

What ought we to think of God's relation to human sin and to the power of evil in the world. The mystics—have they anything to teach us? What are we to say of the Old Testament and its teaching in regard to God and man? What bearing on actual life have the rites and practices of Christian worship?

This passage is from the Editor's Preface, and so far there is nothing to which one can take exception. An endeavour to vindicate the practice of prayer from objections of this sort very reasonably finds a place in the literature of preparation for a National Mission. But can it be said that the considerations offered in *Concerning Prayer* have this tendency? Granted that the authors of the essays "hope that they may be found to have something to offer to others who are feeling the perplexities of existence, to help them to lift up their hearts with a greater confidence towards the Source of all light, of all power and of all consolation." But is it or is it not the case that their readers, so far from being thus helped to lift up their hearts, are likely to be confirmed in the belief that "prayer is an activity the value of which is so open to question that for the men and women who have to carry on the world's work it is decidedly not worth while?"

It is impossible to deal in a short space with the whole argument of a book like this, the more so as it is thoroughly unsystematic in itself owing to the imperfect way in which the opinions of the contributors are co-ordinated amongst themselves, as well as to the confusion that prevails in the minds of all of them as to the fundamental conceptions of the Christian religion, at all events in its orthodox or proximately orthodox forms. We shall confine ourselves therefore to the single question that appears to have been the principal aim of the writers, to judge from the sub-title which directs attention to the nature, difficulties, and value of prayer. We shall confine ourselves also in the present article to one only of the essays the book contains, namely, to Mr. A. C. Turner's essay on *Faith, Prayer, and the World's Order*—which, however, is fully representative, in its general character, of all the rest.

This writer begins by marking out his field of inquiry.

There is a class of questions about prayer and its efficacy which can find no answer except in experience, but which with experience open out into further questions still unanswered. They are those which involve the consideration of what we mean by attributing to God supreme power over worldly events, by divine omnipotence, divine providence, and by that ultimate harmony

of what is and what ought to be, present as an inner experience to faith, as a vision of a new order to hope, which we call the Kingdom of God. It is the purpose of this essay to examine some of these questions and the assumptions that underlie them, and to attempt some picture of the meaning and value of prayer considered in relation to outward events. It does not aim at providing anything like a complete philosophy of the subject.

Certainly there is nothing that can be called a complete philosophy of Prayer in this writer's pages. What apparently he conceives himself entitled to conclude is that prayers of petition do not in fact ever get answered, though people persuade themselves on palpably insufficient grounds that sometimes they do.

There would seem to be [he says] a notable gap between the attempts made to maintain the supernatural virtue of prayer in relation to external things and the simple unambiguous promise of Christ that whatsoever we ask in His name, believing we shall receive it. . . . Is there any possibility of equating His absolute and unqualified statement with the poverty and ambiguity of the mass of our experience, with what we have learnt of the world about us, with what we have come to assume about the actual order of events?

Accordingly the essayist proceeds to enlighten us as to the way in which the equating process can be conducted, and it is to be hoped that some rare specimens, at all events, among his readers will prove capable of assimilating this enlightenment. For ourselves we have not attained to that degree of perspicacity, nor can we promise our readers generally that, after toiling through his long disquisition, they will feel much the wiser. They will be instructed that Natural Law and Spiritual Creation must be distinguished, and that rationality is the guide to the former and faith to the latter; that the dividing line, however, between the natural and the spiritual is not fixed but ever receding, as rational investigation succeeds in invading province after province hitherto regarded as spiritual, and showing triumphantly that here too the sequence of natural causality holds sway, one meagre consolation alone remaining for those who would hang on to the spiritual, namely, an assurance given by the writer that the spiritual will never be finally absorbed, because it regards things as wholes and appreciates their values by a mode of intuition to which rationality cannot attain. Religion is, it seems, this intuition of spiritual values, but, if it is not to

degenerate into the malady of piety, a malady for which the author has a profound contempt, it must discard all affection for past beliefs and traditions, and must wait only on the present and the future, seeking the aid of the prophet to discern the religious values which thus only are made known to it, and taking care even then to remember that "science is necessarily agnostic in its method and in its account of the world, and can never do more than be building a scaffold for the visions of spiritual intuition, whilst faith can never do more than build an imaginary and poetic structure round this scaffold, and the forms of faith's expression must continually suffer death in order that their spirit may live." In other words, if we may venture to state in plain words what the essayist prefers to wrap up in delusive phraseology, faith must seek to express as best it can, in terms that accord with the opinions prevalent at the hour, the religious values which it must at the same time remember are not more than poetic imaginations and very far indeed from solid truths, and are sure to need discarding sooner or later to give place to other imaginations which in their turn can offer us no guarantee of truth worth clinging to. What else is this save Modernism of the most arrant type, hiding its anæmic limbs under the disguise of pragmatism?

In what he calls the second part of his essay, Mr. Turner passes from this endeavour to correlate the doctrine of prayer with the sequence of causes and effects in nature, to treat of Divine Providence and Omnipotence, of human freedom, and of the spiritual community in which Christian faith sees the meaning and purpose of the world." These seem promising subjects, but again in what is offered it is hard to find much enlightenment. In this part the writer begins with the Divine Omnipotence. "To suppose," he tells us, "that God is omnipotent in the sense which is customary among men will never do. Such a supposition involves that God is an autocrat, and belief in the autocracy of God is necessarily destructive of moral judgment."

True morality implies possession and the exercise by man of real freedom . . . and when the attempt is made to reconcile freedom with the absolutism of the divine rule, it becomes difficult to see in it much more than a device to shift from God to man the responsibility for the manifold evils of the world. . . . In truth freedom is a thing to be afraid of in this gloomy creed. Men have not unnaturally sought to return so dangerous a gift

together with its responsibility to the donor. They have asked not for help to adventure, but for clear and definite rules, in order that by obedience they might merit security and safety from the perpetual risk which freedom brings of incurring the awful jealousy of God.

This is another instance of elucidation which only darkens, nor were we to extend the quotation would the reader be better able to fathom the concealed thought. What he means, however, seems to be this. The world in whose midst our lot is cast is so full of evil, and constructed on so essentially immoral a plan, that if God were omnipotent and hence responsible for the making of it, we could only conclude that His ideas of morality were very different from our own, and that, if we would secure ourselves from the terrors of His arbitrary wrath, our best course would be to adhere rigidly to the positive laws He is believed to have made, without any thought as to whether they be moral or immoral in themselves. And this is what the writer apparently supposes to be the spirit and method by which pious Christians guide themselves.

What then are we to mean by the omnipotence of God, for the writer does not wish to deny that in some sense God is omnipotent? We can only give his words. We cannot venture to abridge what to our mind is altogether meaningless.

The history of the growth of spirituality in religion is the gradual disappearance of the belief that God exercises power of an external and compulsive kind, and the realization of the omnipotence of divine love to attain its ends without exercise of compulsion. Love is the only form in which it is possible to figure an omnipotence which is both absolute and moral, for wherever compulsion is present the highest moral result is incompletely achieved. . . . So the love of God is omnipotent, not as controlling and shaping the outward course of events. Love is omnipotent because it can always in any circumstances give a perfect expression of itself. It has no need to manipulate history, because it is always sufficient to meet any situation. . . . If divine love is the author of all existence, it follows that nothing can exist wherein love cannot find expression.

This is certainly a novel sense of what is meant by the omnipotence of God—if indeed it is any sense at all. And what are we to mean by Divine providence?

Rationality is inherent in God but it is without meaning to

speak of Him as the creator of the world's order; or as having decided [but who ever did speak thus?] that twice two should be four and not five. . . . To say that God might have created a different world, or might have altered the course of history, means either that there are limiting conditions external to God, as there are with us when we exercise choice, or that He might have made two and two equal to five. . . .

God's providence then consists neither in direction nor in foreknowledge of the outward course of events. . . . When Christ said that His disciples were to take no thought for the morrow, He was exhorting them to have faith answering to the knowledge of God, which needs to take no thought for the morrow because it sees that all eventualities are provided for.

A third thing which the author, as we have seen, undertakes to explain is the manner by which human freedom can "fashion that spiritual community in which Christian faith sees the meaning and purpose of the world." In redeeming this promise he occupies several pages in denouncing the historical Church, which in conflict with all his theories has claimed to exercise authority over the consciences of men, and has coerced them into acceptance of the doctrines handed down to her from the beginning. There can be no satisfactory recognition of the meaning and purpose of the world till this upas tree has been cut down. What we are to hope for in its place the writer describes in terms like the following:

Out of nothing less than the simple and humble practice of charity—a faith in the spiritual value of men as they are—a new Church may be born, which will be able to disentangle itself from the confusion of its partial and conflicting conditions, from the toils of its complicated machinery and its foreign language, and from the deep corruption of its organization by the political and social abuses of the world. . . . As Christians seek and find this spirit Christianity will again become a thing which men in their dealings with one another as classes, parties, and nations, will be unable to regard with indifference. It will be able to judge of the world and its own past because it will have the power of redeeming them. The Church—or the Churches—will no longer stand as discordant and ineffectual policemen striving to direct in different ways the world's traffic. It will be the magnet which can bring together into the daylight of a common faith and work those who laboured in separation, and lonely and darkened ways towards a light whereof men separately see but fitful gleams.

This, the reader will agree, is a highly poetical way of ex-

pressing the meaning the writer wishes to convey. It has also the characteristic of a certain class of poetry that through the veil of its cryptic language the poet's real meaning can never be divined with certainty. But, if we may guess at this real meaning, does it not come to something like this? "Give up, you Christians, all the beliefs and institutions you have learnt from the Church and the Bible. Or, if you prefer it, hold fast to the terms that have hitherto expressed these venerable and cherished beliefs that have been the light and support of your forefathers in their journey through life; but allow them to be evacuated of their time-honoured meaning and refurnished with new-fashioned meanings having no continuity with those beliefs of the past, or any relation to them save that of serving to disguise the unwelcome fact that so subversive a change has been clandestinely effected." Of the two alternatives thus offered to us by those who think that the Christianity of the past is worn out and discredited, the former, that of plain-speaking, is what is pressed upon us by the Rationalistic Press publications; and if it were really true that the Christian religion had been found out and proved to be false, for our own part we should prefer to have the fact, horrible as it would be, stated in the plain and harsh language of that Press, rather than in the honeyed words of writers of the class to which Mr. Turner belongs. Let us not, however, blame him overmuch for so strange an affection for this occult and misleading style. Renan, in his *Souvenirs d'Enfance*, confesses to the mysterious hold upon his nature which the memories of past days of Christian practice continued to have upon him even in his old age, comparing it to the ringing of the bells of an old but now submerged church tower which the Breton peasantry imagined that they heard sometimes beneath the surface of the waters.

But it is with the nature of prayer as represented by this book that we are more directly concerned, and it is hard indeed to understand how any rational system of prayer can be built on this treacherous foundation. Nor can we claim to understand what his system is, even so far as to give a trustworthy account of it. As, however, he spends five pages in explaining it we must content ourselves with taking from these five pages a further paragraph on the nature, as the essayist conceives it, of the God to whom prayer is to be addressed, and a few sentences which indicate the kind of prayers recommended as suitable to be addressed to Him.

God, we are told, must appear in human form. But the world will never become Christian until Christians cease to picture God to themselves as one single individual, standing as an overseer above His toiling servants. The symbol of the Trinity should warn us off this error. Rather there is to be seen in Him, as it were, an infinite multiplicity of individuals, answering to each according to his need of friendship—whether forgiveness or comfort, encouragement or such wrestling as Jacob had—but one in the love that can bind all men together, the pain of Christ whereby all are made new, and the wisdom wherein the outward showing of things may be bound together in various but unbroken harmony.

As to the nature of the prayer that is permitted to us. We are told that "to pray is to seek entry into the kingdom of God"; that "prayer will not let the impact of outward things rebound from the surface of the mind (which is their reflexion), but holds them in contact with its Divine source, and keeps them there till the self's reaction is not merely free from pollution but quickened with recreative love and life"; that "to pray for a friend is to seek that you may know him, and that he may know himself, in God; it is a seeking to detach and make operative in him and in you his individual immortality"; "a large part of prayer for others is to remove from our spiritual associations the worldly divinities of the drill-sergeant, of property in spiritual things, and of the competitive trafficker in souls, and to replace them by a sacramental comradeship in divine things"; "prayer is not a substitute or an addition to the machinery of the world's forces, nor yet is it a passive supplication that our ends may be accomplished if God wills, and its purpose is that man may know God's will, and if dreams are shattered, may find among the ruins some greater good"; and so on.

Whether any living being will be helped to pray by such considerations as these, it is impossible to say. For ourselves, as we plod through its endless succession of meaningless obscurities, we cannot help being reminded of the words of God in the Book of Job: "Who is this that darkens counsel with words without knowledge?"

S. F. S.

THE ROMANCE OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE

FOR something more than half a century the property now known as Manresa House, Roehampton, has served as the noviceship of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. More than the other houses of the same Order, which are primarily devoted to educational purposes, Manresa must be regarded as the natural home of prayer and asceticism. The prevailing atmosphere is one of recollection. The black-robed figures which pace to and fro under the magnificent trees generally pass each other without exchanging a word. Rosary beads and prayer-books are constantly in evidence, and the groups of bright-faced youths who may be encountered busy about such menial occupations as sweeping up leaves, mowing the grass, weeding the beds, or sawing and chopping wood, are for the most part intent upon the work allotted to them and keep their eyes studiously downcast in due accord with the Ignatian "rules of modesty."

The house itself, admirably situated and commanding an uninterrupted prospect over Richmond Park, is not now a very homogeneous structure. Two big wings of brick, affording accommodation for well over a hundred inmates, with chapel and refectory of proportionate dimensions, have been added since it came into the hands of its Jesuit owners. But the old mansion remains substantially unaltered, just as it was first erected about the year 1762 by the famous Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. The property had been acquired shortly before by the second Earl of Bessborough, and as Chambers was then engaged in laying out Kew Gardens, only a few miles distant, Lord Bessborough probably thought the opportunity a favourable one for securing his services. Although the house thus erected was not large, it seems to have acquired a certain reputation, and a detailed account of it from an architectural point of view is given in the *Vitruvius Britannicus*. What probably added to its renown was the exceptionally valuable collection of art treasures which Lord Bessborough housed there. Gaming and other forms of extravagance, however, led to a relative im-



WEST FRONT OF MANRESA HOUSE, 1862



poverishment of the family, and a great part of the pictures and other objects of art from Bessborough House were sold at Christie's in 1801. The printed catalogue describing this "Well-known, Valuable and truly Capital Collection of Pictures" supplies quaint illustrations of the auctioneer's jargon then current. "A most capital Madona with the Bambino, Raphael," was sold for 220 guineas; while "Jason with the Dragon by Sal. Rosa, a most extraordinary and capital performance," fetched 310 guineas. These were great prices for those days. Conspicuous among the buyers we find the names of Mr. Towneley of Towneley and Mr. William Blundell of Ince Blundell, in Lancashire. Catholics of the Georgian period were not, it seems, so entirely indifferent to the fine arts as has sometimes been supposed.

Quite apart from the externals of the house, it had always been vaguely understood by those who came to use it as a place of retreat and religious training, that the old Bessborough mansion was a site of historic interest.¹ It had been, they knew, a familiar resort of the Whig party and had been visited by distinguished people of many different types. But it is only within the last few months that the evidence has been given to the world which supplies details of the strange fascination which the personality of Henrietta Countess of Bessborough exercised upon all who were intellectually and socially most worth considering among her contemporaries. The publication of the private correspondence of Lord Granville Leveson Gower,² created at a later date first Earl Granville, throws an entirely new light upon the influential position which Lady Bessborough held in the *beau monde* of her day. Up to the present she has been overshadowed in the popular estimation by her sister, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, but there can be little doubt that of the two daughters of the first Earl Spencer of Althorp, Henrietta was the more brilliant. Her letters to Granville Leveson Gower, covering a period of more than twenty years, constitute the most considerable and by far the most interesting portion of the two stout volumes recently published.

¹ I have been unable to find any confirmation for the statement made in Manning's *History of Surrey*, that a detached building used by the Bessboroughs as a billiard room together with an old laundry were portions of a house which once belonged to Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State. Walsingham lived at Barnes Elms, which is some little distance away.

² *Lord Granville Leveson Gower, Private Correspondence, 1781 to 1821*, edited by his daughter-in-law, Castalia Countess Granville. Two vols. London, 1916.

Many of these letters were written from Roehampton, and they present us incidentally with a picture of the life then led there which is in quaint and startling contrast with the devout seclusion of the present inmates of the old Bessborough mansion. It would be hard to imagine a stranger transformation than that to which the noviceship at Manresa House now bears witness. What can hardly fail to invest this correspondence with special interest for readers of *THE MONTH* is the fact that the Lord Granville to whom the letters were addressed, was the father of Lady Georgiana Fullerton,¹ whose mortal remains, it may be noted, now rests in the private cemetery of the Sacred Heart nuns a little way down Roehampton Lane. The Castalia Countess Granville who in a vigorous old age has edited these two volumes was Lady Georgiana's sister-in-law, and in Mrs. Craven's *Life* of the latter may be found some charming verses addressed to the Countess by Lady Georgiana and playing upon her name:

Bright as the crystal stream which flows
 From thine own fountain's source,
 Or as the sparkling rays which play
 Upon its rippling course,—
 Fair as the morning beams which gild
 Its waters sweet and clear,
 Castalia ! thy strange sounding name
 Familiar grows and dear—.²

Lady Georgiana's own birth at Tixall in Staffordshire, in September, 1812, is alluded to in one of Lady Bessborough's letters,³ and indeed the name of Georgiana was probably given her in memory of her grandmother, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, who, as already noted, was Lady Bessborough's sister. One other point worthy of remark is that these two brilliant sisters were the aunts of the Hon. and Rev. George Ignatius Spencer, who after entering the Catholic Church ultimately became a Passionist. It was his ceaseless apostolate of prayer for the conversion of England which is associated in the minds of many with the extraordinary influence exercised upon the country by the Oxford Movement, of which he was one of the precursors.

It must not, however, for a moment be supposed from

¹ Lady Georgiana Fullerton was intimately associated with Father H. J. Coleridge and Miss Taylor in the founding of *THE MONTH*, and several of her novels were first published in its pages.

² See the *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*, English Edition, pp. 420, 421.

³ *Granville Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 460.

this mention of a more serious-minded posterity that the tone of the newly published Granville correspondence is in any degree religious. Taken as a whole it certainly does not make for edification, though many charming traits of character are revealed which enable us to understand that both Lord Granville and Lady Bessborough, as they were known to their intimates, were very lovable people. The relations between the pair were, to say the least, ambiguous, and the intimacy was evidently taken for granted by the fashionable world to a degree which can only be excused and explained if we remember the influence then exercised by certain Italian customs upon contemporary Europe.¹

Lady Bessborough had an admirable talent for letter-writing. Her ideal, as she explained to her correspondent more than once, was that in letters between intimates the writer should only "think upon paper." In a communication sent from Roehampton (July, 1797) she rallies G.L.G. (by which initials Lord Granville² is commonly designated in the volumes before us) upon a phrase in his last letter to her.

"I have troubled you with this long note," &c.—troubled! What a phrase from you to me! Lord Malmesbury's atmosphere certainly inspires form. It was so before you went, and now again, toutes vos lettres sentent la diplomatie. Pray only think upon paper. If you *make* a letter to me and talk of *troubling*, how can you bear all my griffonage about nothing?

But Lady Bessborough's griffonage about nothing was extraordinarily spontaneous and delightful. Here is a specimen written from her mother's house at Holywell, near St. Albans. It throws an interesting light upon the manners of those who in 1797 still maintained the ideal of a simple country life.

It has just struck eleven and the whole house excepting Sally [her maid] and me, have been in bed near an hour and we have set (sic) at the open window listening to the nightingales and watching for the postman with the most eager impatience. I do not know what Sally expected; whatever it was, she has got it, for she has two letters (I thought myself sure one was for me), and she is in as good a humour as I am bad. We had first to

¹ See amongst numerous other allusions to this institution of the *cicisbeo* the attack made upon it by Samuel Sharp and the elaborate reply published by G. Baretti in his *Manners and Customs of Italy* (1769), vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

² In early life he was known as Lord Granville Leveson Gower, Granville serving as a Christian name. This was the title which he held as Ambassador at St. Petersburg and elsewhere. It was only in 1833 that he was created Earl Granville.

bribe the postman to open his bag (for naturally they do not give them till morning) then to tie the letters to a string and draw them in at the window. All this was for you, Sir, and then not a line. I had four other foolish letters I might just as well have received to-morrow without any fuss at all. Nothing can be a greater contrast than my life here and that I usually lead. As the clock strikes eight I am down at prayers, then breakfast, then I give Caroline her lessons¹ as usual, read or write for a little while till my mother sends for me to help her in teaching her school girls. I acquit myself *tant bien que mal*, and often wonder what you, and still more *Sol* [Lord Morpeth] would say to see me stuck up in the midst of an old ruined abbey teaching some little beggar girls to spell and sing. We dine at three, are out all evening after tea, return generally to have some music, in which the chaplain's wife principally shines. She has a very fine voice *d'un tres gros volume*; it makes the house echo again, and though I din the right note in her ears as loud as I can, she disdains such narrow limits and with laudable perseverance keeps constantly a half note too high or too low the whole way through. At nine the bell rings for prayers, then supper, and at ten not a mouse is stirring in the whole house. I hope you are edified with the length of my letter and the importance of its contents.

There is a sort of Horatian felicity about all this. Though the Roman poet wrote in Latin hexameters and Lady Bessborough in English prose, we feel that she also would have been capable of neatly winding up her scrawl with a

Brundisium longæ chartæque viæque est.

Unfortunately none of the letters which her editor has printed give any detailed account of the life which Lady Bessborough led in her own house at Roehampton. To judge by her remarks when a few days passed without a crowd of visitors, it was normally an existence full of restlessness and excitement. Probably no sort of time-table was possible, and she certainly provides none. Still we get glimpses of how her days at home were passed in such casual remarks as the following:

Sunday. . . . We are still at Roe. I continue to study Lavater and examine every foolish "museau" I meet in consequence. To-day was delightful. We were at church. . . . then walked. Ld. and Ly. Melbourne came. Old Adm. Caldwell and Sir

¹ Her daughter Caroline, who was to marry William Lamb. He ultimately, as Lord Melbourne, became Prime Minister at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria.

Gilbert Affleck dined here and Ly Hervey and Eliza. In the evening we sat out till just now.

The Sir Gilbert Affleck here mentioned was the step-father of the famous Lady Holland. The intimacy between the inmates of Bessborough House and Holland House, which latter lay only four miles off on the direct road to Hyde Park Corner, was at this period of the closest possible character. Lady Bessborough had shown herself the warm friend of Lady Holland during the proceedings for divorce instituted by her previous husband, Sir Godfrey Webster. In those days an Act of Parliament was required to annul the marriage. This was passed on July 4th, 1797, and on the 9th we find Lady Bessborough writing:

I have been supping with *Lady Holland*. They were married at eight this morning¹ and I never saw creatures so happy. He flew down to meet me, *kissed* me several times, *ne vous déplaîse*, and can do nothing but repeat her name. Such perfect happiness as theirs scarcely ever was instanced before.

Only three days later we have mention of another visit to Holland House, "that foyer of news" as it is described on another occasion.

Lady Holland looked in famous beauty and he wild with joy the whole time. Ed B. [her husband] took me up and drove me back in the evening through thunder and rain to Roe., where I arrived drenched through and found old Mr. Smith [Sydney Smith's father] who being as he says *jealous of my soul* took great pains to convert me and warn me of my danger. . . . Yesterday I lay all morning under the cedar trees² reading the Beggar Girl and quarrelling with Anne [Lady Anne Hatton] who would not let me. In the evening we drove over to Ly. Di's who always delights me and does me good in every way. I came home in full drawing humour and set to work with industry.

The Lady Di here referred to was Lady Diana Beauclerk, a cousin of Lady Bessborough's, who with her husband, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, resided not far off. Two years earlier, H.F.B. (it is convenient to designate Lady Bessborough also by her initials) tells her friend "I am leading the quietest of lives with my children and Ly Anne, entirely at Roehamp-

¹ The ceremony took place at Rickmansworth Church. He was 23 and she 26 years old.

² These cedars are conspicuous in the photograph of the house, reproduced at the beginning of this article, and taken shortly after it first came into Jesuit hands.

ton, and, except now and then Beauclerk, see no living soul." This was not the last occasion when the Beauclerk family were to be intimately associated with Roehampton. Between 1875 and 1885 three great-grandsons of Lady Diana were destined to spend in that spot the whole period of their early training as novices of the Society of Jesus. In their day the splendid avenue of elms which led up to the house was still intact; storms and decay have played sad havoc with it since. But when H.F.B. wrote the following letter on September 14, 1803, the trees must have been in their prime.

I must tell you my adventure. I had no sooner sealed and sent my letter to you this morning when I went out to walk and returning by the avenue met plump with a gentleman who had been calling on Ld. B. [her husband]. I could not escape him, and I thought it would be uncivil to shew myself when he was refused, so I opened my umbrella by way of a screen. Unfortunately it produced the same effect on his horse that Mrs. Hunter's did on the tiger. The horse started, the gentleman with difficulty kept his seat. And who do you think was within an inch of lying prostrate at my feet? No less than the Doctor [Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister]¹ himself!—all so long as he was. I apologised. He was all benignity, and we parted dear friends. See on what a trifle the fate of Europe depended and how near my umbrella was adding another instance to M. de P.'s history of Grands Effets de Petites Causes. I thought Prime Ministers never visited.

But not by any means all the letters are of the same trivial nature as those which I have so far quoted. Here is a wonderful account of the foggy November morning in which the news of the battle of Trafalgar first reached England. H.F.B. writes from Roehampton on November 6, 1805:

Yesterday I drove to town intending to go to Queen Street and to Duncannon's House [Duncannon was her eldest son] where I had appointed people to meet me. The fog which was bad when I set out, grew thicker and thicker, but when I got into the park [Hyde Park, presumably] was so complete that it was impossible to find the way out. My footman got down to feel for the road, and the holloing of the drivers and the screams of the people on foot were dreadful. I was one hour driving through the park; Queen St. it was impossible to find, and as I was obliged to come here,

¹ H. F. B. and G. L. G. had a whole code of sobriquets which they used in their letters, partly no doubt for reasons of precaution. Mr. Canning, for example, is always referred to as "the Pope," Lord Boringdon as "The Don," the Duke of Devonshire as "K," &c.

and it was as dangerous to try to go home [she apparently means her town house in Cavendish Square], I set out with two men walking before the horses with flambeaux, of which we could with difficulty perceive the flame—the men not at all. Every ten or twenty yards they *felt* for the door of a house to ask where we were—it was frightful beyond measure; in *three hours' time* I reached Chelsea when it began to clear a little. I find that Ly. Villiers, who rode to see me, was overtaken by it on her return and nearly drowned by riding into the Thames. How many accidents she has! It seems as if her life being—

The sentence was never finished, but the writer, obviously called away from her desk, has resumed her letter in a mood too excited to heed what had preceded.

Good heavens! What news! How glorious, if it was not so cruelly damped by Nelson's death! How truly he has accomplished his prediction that when they meet it must be to extermination. To a man like him he could not have picked out a finer close to such a life. But what an irreparable loss to England. . . I can think of nothing else and hardly imagined it possible to feel such grief for a man I did not know. Mr. Mander says he lived to hear of his victory and gave signs of joy though he could not speak. Do you know G. it makes me feel almost as much envy as compassion; I think I should like to die so. Think of being mourned by a whole nation, and having my name carried down with gratitude and praise to the latest generations.

The next day she recurs again to the theme.

Still I can write of nothing but Nelson; if glory can soothe the dead, his spirit must exult in the regrets and enthusiasms which his name inspires.

Although Lady Bessborough in writing to G.L.G. always maintained, or affected to maintain, that women had no proper place in politics, still she expresses some very shrewd appreciations of all sorts of matters of public interest, and she set her face resolutely against that belittling of Napoleon which was then often indulged in by English military critics. Nothing could be more just than these words written to G.L.G., then ambassador in Russia, at the most critical period of Napoleon's fortunes, just before the Battle of Austerlitz:

Another great fault I find with all the wise heads at home and abroad is reckoning upon Buonaparte's being a *bad general*; it is not above a week ago I heard General Manners explaining how

ill Buonaparte had managed; that he ought to be in the line of the Black Forest instead of attacking Ulm, and ridiculing his want of generalship in the greatest degree. The fact is that, whether good or bad as to general rules, his wonderful activity, combination, and power over his soldiers, with the advantage of one single head conceiving and acting almost at the moment, must be irresistible as long as we resolve to repel all this only by adhering to the old rules of tacticks (sic) and always to provide against a less danger than really exists. Are you tired of my animadversions? Well you may; but it is from anxiety to have this man opposed as he ought to be opposed that I am out of all patience at having him fought only in words and not in action. I wish we had some Lord Nelson at the head of your Russians and Austrians.

These forebodings were only too completely realized in the triumphant success of the Ulm offensive at a time when the English nation, ministers and people alike, were completely in the dark as to what was going on in central Europe. It is incredible how utterly incapable our intelligence department showed itself at this period. Austerlitz was fought on December 2, 1805, but on December 19th it was believed in England that Napoleon had been defeated. "Sally," writes H.F.B. from Roehampton on that day, "is just returned from London with an account that great news is arrived—a confirmation of the victory, or, as I hope, the account of another." Ten days later all is still uncertainty.

The eagerness for news and variety of reports, which are all even Government can get at, would really be laughable if it did not cause such dreadful anxiety. Ld Castlereagh told me they were in hopes of some intelligence from a Mr. Hankey of Putney (your friend with the red collar), who, it was reported, had a letter of the 13th from Berlin. I drove there immediately. He smiled when I mentioned his letter; said the report, which was perfectly groundless, had caused him to be highly honoured, for that Lord Mulgrave [then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs] and Lord Hawkesbury [afterwards Earl of Liverpool and for fifteen years Prime Minister] had both been there in the course of the morning on the same errand. They have at length found a man who had a letter of the 11th with good reports, but still nothing sufficient to ease the uneasiness created by the French papers. Ministers themselves seem so anxious and uneasy that I should give up all for lost if Mr. Fox had not comforted me.

But foreign affairs were not then the only cause of anxiety. In that same winter Pitt died, and shortly afterwards

H.F.B.'s beloved sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, while the death of Fox followed only a few months later. The letter from which I have just quoted ends with the announcement, "Every body is dying with violent coughs and colds—they call it an influenza; whatever it is I have got it, though not so bad as my poor Caro [her daughter Lady Caroline Lamb] who has been again blooded." Such medical details abound. In February, 1798, Lady Bessborough, then aged 37, was down with the chicken pox, contracted in nursing her children through the same disorder. The treatment adopted by the "apothecary," who apparently came over from Richmond, was to bleed her "very plentifully." At the same moment her correspondent G.L.G., sent on a special mission to the King of Prussia, was being kept kicking his heels in Berlin for more than a fortnight because His Majesty was ill with measles and unable to receive visitors. A curious incident which occurred at Holland House is described by H.F.B. a few months later.

Drove to H. House, where I dined with only these two. She was to be blooded but was hours before she would take courage. I pitied her very much, as I am myself very much afraid; but at length nothing would satisfy her but seeing somebody bled first, and, after a great *gulp*, down I sat and offered my poor arm, which was bound up and the lancet upon it, when dear little Holly came to my rescue and insisted on its not being done.¹ . . . She went to bed, and Holly was so amiable and pleasant, and begged so hard, that I stayed with him till twelve.

Probably, however, the most lasting, though not the most pleasant, impression produced by these singularly interesting letters will be that which results from the social habits and moral standards faithfully reflected therein. Lady Bessborough lived in the very centre of everything that counted in English society during the twenty years which her letters cover. Speaking French and Italian as readily as her own native tongue, she had also a very wide range of foreign interests and acquaintances. All the French *émigrés* settled in the south-west of London thronged to Bessborough House or to the residence of her sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, at Chiswick. It is useless to give a catalogue of names, but an exception may be made for M^{me}. de Staël, whom H.F.B.

¹ The obvious solution, one would think, was that "Holly" should have offered his own arm, but this he does not seem to have suggested.

thoroughly admired, but of whom she also writes from Roehampton, a little complainingly, "she is continually coming here, and sometimes pleasant, but I cannot bear morning visits in the country." When H.F.B. had dinner parties, her guests, who included such wits as Hookham Frere, Sheridan, Sydney Smith, and his brother, besides all kinds of political celebrities, were apt, so she says on one occasion, "to flatter Roehampton excessively inside and out, for some of them came by five, and I was obliged to turn them out to grass until the rest arrived; I knew not what to do with them, for I was not dressed." Pitt, Fox, Canning, Lord Boringdon, Lord Morpeth, and innumerable others, paid her court, and from many slight allusions it would seem that it was not their fault if the intimacy did not assume a more tender character. In the case of Sheridan, if we may trust these letters—and their confidential character and whole tone stamp them with the impress of truth—the attentions of that brilliant but utterly selfish and drunken profligate assumed the character of an infamous persecution. The comparatively favourable estimate of Sheridan put forth recently in Mr. Walter Sichel's elaborate monograph stands sadly in need of revision in the light of these new revelations. But the vilest offender of all, regard being had to the position which he was to occupy as "the fountain of honour" upon the throne of England, was the Prince Regent himself. In December, 1809, Lord Granville Leveson Gower was married—a very happy union as it subsequently proved—to Lady Harriet Cavendish, the daughter of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and consequently niece of his life-long correspondent H.F.B. The Prince of Wales, judging, it would seem, that the aunt, then a woman of forty-eight, must bitterly resent this defection,¹ thought the moment propitious to renew the siege he had long ago laid to her affections. The following letter to G.L.G. describes a visit of the Prince, which must, so I infer from the letter which follows, have been paid to Lady Bessborough at Roehampton. If so, it was a marvellous scene indeed to have taken place in one of the rooms now given up to the ascetical instructions or pious exercises of a Jesuit noviceship.

He has killed me—such a scene I never went through. His manner to you was only to open the most vehement tirade against

¹ In point of fact Lady Bessborough seems to have done everything in her power to facilitate the marriage.

you for marrying. . . . Then a list of your inconstancies; then, again, if I would but have listened to him, even last year. . . . I stared, and he went on, and after another long tirade threw himself on his knees and clasping me round kissed my neck before I was aware of what he was doing. I screamed with vexation and fright; he continued sometimes struggling with me sometimes sobbing and crying. . . . Then mixing abuse of you, vows of eternal love, entreaties and promises of what he would do—he would break with Mrs. F[itzherbert] and Ly. H[ertford], I should *make my own terms*!! I should be his sole confidant, sole adviser—private or public—I should guide his politicks, Mr. Canning should be Prime Minister (whether in this reign or the next did not appear); then over and over again the same round of complaint, despair, entreaties and promises, and always Mr. Canning à tout bout de change, and whenever he mentioned him it was in the tenderest accent and attempting some liberty, that really, G., had not my heart been breaking, I must have laughed out at the comicality of having the Pope [Mr. Canning] so coupled and so made use of—and then that immense grotesque figure flouncing about half on the couch, half on the ground. . . . I have not room or time to tell you half what passed. You know when he came; he had the conscience to stay till eight!¹ You know that I am humble enough, but I really felt revolted and indignant at his disgusting folly—sad proof of my increasing age. After telling him for two hours that . . . I never could or would be on any other terms with him than the acquaintance he had always honoured me with, we came to a tolerably friendly making up and he kept me two more telling me stories—chiefly of you and the Princess [Galitzin].

There may be some who would suggest that the hysteria which pervades this account was to be found rather in the report of the lady than in the behaviour of the Prince. Undoubtedly some members of the family were a prey to delusions. Lady Caroline Lamb, in particular, H.F.B.'s only daughter, was a very unbalanced person, but the letters now published afford no reason to think that her mother resembled her in this respect. On the other hand there is overwhelming evidence that the future George IV. was guilty of just the same sort of violence and mean cunning in his pursuit of Mrs. Fitzherbert, at an earlier date, not to speak of various other flames. "His ardour," says the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, "passed all bounds. He would go to Fox's mistress Mrs. Armstead to

¹ When in 1807 the Prince came to act as sponsor at the christening of H.F.B.'s first grandchild, which took place in a private house, "the Prince came at five and did not go till two." (Granville Correspondence, II. 292.)

tell her of his love, cry by the hour, beat his brow, tear his hair, roll on the floor and fall into fits of hysterics." To work upon Mrs. Fitzherbert's feelings, says the same impartial authority, "the Prince stabbed himself so as to draw abundance of blood without risking his life, and sent complaisant friends to bring her to see him in this state of despair."

Hardly less typical of the license of the times must have been the coming to Roehampton, in 1812, of the Lady Caroline Lamb just mentioned, married as she was to an eminent statesman who was destined a few years later, when bearing the title of Lord Melbourne, to become Prime Minister of England. After her shameful escapade with Lord Byron, the scandal of which brought her mother to death's door, we find Lady Caroline writing to her father, Lord Bessborough:

My Dearest Papa—I am but too well aware that I am the cause of Mama's illness, that my foolish and wrong conduct has caused it; but this idea has given me such a shock that I really require some little time to recover. To shew you that I do not mean to abuse of it, I solemnly promise you to remain in your sight at Roehampton not to leave you for an hour or day, so that I cannot make a wrong use of this permission.

But it is time to close our series of extracts from these fascinating volumes. Even so far as regards Bessborough House, Roehampton, the selection is by no means exhaustive, while of the shrewd reflections upon public men and public events, or of the hitherto unknown details regarding the secret causes at work which modified the whole course of English policy at home and abroad, it has been impossible to speak. It would certainly be difficult to name any correspondence or collection of memoirs which throws an equally vivid light upon our domestic annals during one of the most critical periods in European history.

HERBERT THURSTON.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

XIV. CHUTNEY'S MAJORITY.

“ONE learns a lot,” said Chutney, as we walked down the hill; the frozen stubble, clogged with new snow, hidden, but still stiff enough to crackle a little as it broke under our feet. Eh, how cold one's feet were—always were! “Cold hands, warm heart”; if the saying went “Cold feet, warm heart” the poor Ancient's old heart must have been warm enough in those days.

“Well, one learns a lot,” said Chutney, and the lad came closer to his friend's side and, taking his arm, pressed it. *His* hands should have been death-chill, according to the proverb.

Stern nodded, and the New Zealander nodded, but neither spoke.

“Tell us things,” begged Chutney. But the Ancient held his peace. Things, thought he, had best be left to tell themselves. They were, he thought, telling themselves; why should he interrupt? The monastery on the bleak ridge (one huge black bulk now, with black turrets, and the pallid yellow of the sky behind, where sunset had been) was telling things in a poignant Cistercian silence.

Before the last wan relics of the day were huddled behind night's curtain the full moon was casting soft gray shadows, from every tree and hop-pole, over the glistening white slopes. It was all as silent as a great mortuary. St. Bernard seemed for the moment to have laid his finger on the lips of the very guns. And all the silence listened, and to every listener comes the Word.

Because these papers are, in their most ordered sequence but parentheses, and have often followed no sequence at all, I may put in here something that happened several months later.

The Ancient was in Normandy. The day before he had been to seek out the village-home of the soldier farm-lad Guilbert, of which visit he has spoken long ago. After his talk with Guilbert's mother, and Guilbert's sister, and the lad's small nephew and niece, he had come out into the rather wistful dusk of a dun swift-falling evening; and in a minute or two a young Belgian soldier overtook him.

"Bon soir, Monsieur."

"Bon soir, camarade."

"Eh! Vous êtes donc aussi militaire?"

"Militaire et prêtre, camarade."

"Tiens! Aumônier alors? Bon."

Ranged alongside he kept silence a few steps and then—

"While you were in there *la bas*," with a jerk of the head sideways and backward over his shoulder, "I watched. I stood outside and watched, through the window. *Indiscret peut-être?*"

"Ça dépend."

"Eh! Why I watched, it was for no harm."

"So I guessed. Why then?"

"I caught a glimpse, in passing; and I had to come back and look more. That was a *home* in there: *en famille*, vous savez? That was why I watched. *J'avais faim.*"

He was a stoutish youth and well-fed. It wasn't bread-hunger.

"Nostalgie?"

"C'est ça," said the recruit. And he shook his head with the *staccato*, sharp, gesture of the head in its socket which so often expresses the sentiment of the unsentimental.

"One is far from home here." He went on, "You and I—you English: me Belgian:—we are far from ours. That was why I watched. I have often passed the big hotel windows, and I don't want to watch; though inside one can see the Messieurs dining at pretty tables, and there are silver, and flowers; and you can see them laughing. And it is like that when one passes the big houses. You could often see in through in the *persiennes*. I have looked, yes. But a peep is enough. 'Not my world, Jacques,' think I, and go on: not home-sick. To me that is nothing. But yonder" (and again came the backward jerk of the head that had been a little bent). "*Là bas*. That was like mine. My world. Poor folks *en famille*. So I watched: and when you came out I followed—to get nearer to it. Nostalgie! Oui c'est ça; Monsieur l'Aumônier; dût, eh? Bien dût à supporter."

"Tell me then, about yours—les vôtres. It was to tell *them* about their lad, whom I had *soigné* a little when he was wounded, that I went."

So he told; not much—there was no great matter to tell, though plenty to understand—and the telling comforted him.

"One could not tell it," he ended, "to anyone like an

officer or a fine person. But priests—they are like us; of the people. Eh?"

"Yes: always, of the people."

"C'est ça."

"But one should not, perhaps, dislike those of another class? Not manly that, do you find?"

"Eh non! But the moon up there, I don't dislike it—comprenez vous? It's up there: we're down here, you and I. Eh?"

"Certainly," said the Ancient laughing, "though we've got to get higher up there than the moon."

"Sans doute," agreed the recruit genially accepting the shy parable. "Bien loin, quand même, eh? Une jolie petite promenade d'ici jusque là."

Well, that was on the day before.

On *this* afternoon, an afternoon of indolent humid sunshine, and soft moist airs, with a timid promise of spring in it, (though the trees were still clad only in their delicate black winter lace against a coldish blue sky) came the Ancient to Arques—Arques la Bataille, as it has been called since Henry of Navarre won, hard by, the victory that was to make him Henry of France.

It was a very odd thing to be there, a vagrant of the war, wandering alone through the vast ruins of the castle whence his forefather had one morning ridden forth for England, never to come back. The place was so lovely that it seemed strange that anyone leaving it could be content never to come back. Perhaps the other vagrant-adventurer, like the soldier yesterday, had had *nostalgie*, and from Devonshire felt his heart-strings tugging, tugging towards the home among these Norman dales where he had been a lad. We do not hear if those grabbing courtiers and cousins of the Base-born brought their mothers with them. The Ancient sat on the ruined drawbridge and looked up at the narrow window of the tower above it, picturing a Norman mother's face there as her lad gave his back to her, to go and snatch lands from peaceful Saxon Thanes who had done him never a harm. Eh, what a wistful face, what tremulous brave lips, what love-hungry ears: what a standard of renunciation the little waving rag of white linen—the Ancient hoped that the light-hearted adventurer had grace enough to turn in his saddle and signal back fidelity.

An immense space do the ruins cover: and all around them

a wide very deep moat, dry now, and one supposes always dry. From the further lip of the moat are exquisite views on every side. On one, the broad and stately valley, meads and river, woodland and opposing hill. At the foot of the steep, the shining white town, and the shining white church. Backward of the fortalice a net of deep dales, where rich pasture and rich copse strive in peaceffullest combat for beauty.

Down into one of these twisting, steeply-tilted valleys, clambered the Ancient, setting himself a certain point of high woodland as his point of attainment. There arrived, he would go no further, but sit and read. An English newspaper unopened, a French volume of *Mémoires Intimes* half read, were under his arm: a singular contrast those two documents. One a gasp of announcement: as though one should stick his sword into the seething stew of the War-Pot and snatch out a bit, and hold it up to brag about, or to explain why it was not bigger: terribly hasty, partial, perhaps incorrect, but actual, eager, half-blind with a stumbling suspense, as a man running who can scarce see for the blood in his eyes. The other, the French book, stuffed with snippets, *all* detail, all preoccupation with indoor matters and not a suspicion of a great outside world crying Fudge! like Mr. Burchell. Elsewhere has the writer quoted the shrewd judgment of him who found Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* the best spiritual reading he knew: let him read the Memoirs of his fellow-duke. Let anyone who would taste how sour a mean worldliness can taste in the mouth read St. Simon: good reading, I should say, for a republican ashamed of petty republican jostlings. How the lean-eyed jealous courtier hates the King, and must flutter round him, and think, think, think of him always. The sun outside, and the sane wholesome green world outside, are nothing to him; the Roi Soleil inside, and his fusty bad-hearted world inside, are everything to him. The favour of the man he dislikes and despises, which he has not and which he knows he will never get, are his bread and wine to hunger for. Faugh! what a devil's sacrament! Of his own good parts he is much aware—and content to let them run to a rotten seed. Decent, he is well-pleased to breathe an indecent air; honest enough at heart, he willingly neighbours with dishonesty: till he does not know when he is spiteful, secret slanderer, blood-poisoned with the disease of the body whereof he insists on being a limb—or some trivial unregarded member. . . .

Down the steep slope of short, dry down-grass clambered the Ancient, and St. Simon slipping from under his arm goes skipping down before him. A wounded soldier, *en convalescence*, home from the war, with one eye left, stands still in the road below to pick the duke up and restore him to his owner. He has a crutch also, for the bones in one foot are shattered.

"In a hurry—like the book, Monsieur?"

"Not a bit," says the Ancient, arriving, and laughing.

"But once you go down hill you can't choose your own pace, or exactly where you'll stop. N'est-ce pas?"

"Monsieur est philosophe?"

"Pas beaucoup. Mais expérimenté. . . ."

"Well," said the soldier, squeezing a double smile out of his one eye, "after that—I was going down-hill: home—"

"Home is up-hill," and they both laughed.

"Bon! But now I will turn and *me promener* with Monsieur (if he permits always). It is pretty up there," nodding towards the crest of the road.

"So I guessed. I was going there to read."

A cart came by, laden with logs, and the waggoner (a lad whose limbs wanted screwing up like neglected fiddle-strings) called out to the soldier, and they exchanged a dozen words in Norman patois—not the prettiest in France.

"Eh well," said the soldier presently, when the cart and waggoner had gone down the road. "*His* turn will come soon. He won't be carting logs much longer. *I* used to do that. Now I'm an *artilleur* and one of my eyes is peering about under the ground to see where *I* am. He shan't find me just yet."

"Espérons."

"Pas de luxe, là bas," observed the soldier, waving his crutch towards the war.

"So I found."

So we talked of our small experiences, and, as no one was listening, no one was bored. We talked of many things. He asked about my book, seeing that it was French. Who wrote it, what was it about? Then—

"Louis XIV., he was very small, wasn't he?"

"Uncommon small. Le grand Monarque."

"Eh, mon philosophe? And Napoleon—little too?"

"About up to there," and the Ancient indicated, with his still unopened newspaper, a button which was by no means the top button of the artillery-man's blackish-blue jacket.

"Voilà! For me it is hopeless. Those famous persons were all little creatures. I am too big—*hors concours*."

It did not seem to trouble him. He remained impregnably cheerful.

"Long legs," suggested the Ancient, "are not bad for marching—up hill."

"But big legs have big bodies to carry—up hill (Eh, mon philosophe, je vous comprends bien; vous insinuez quelque allégorie). And my body, to me, is heavy for my big legs to carry—up hill."

"Let your soul help. Make it. That's what it's for. Say to her 'Madame. This body of mine can't carry itself and you. You'll get a spill if you lie asleep up there. Be so good as to get down and pull.'"

So they talked: the huge, gentle lad knowing well that it was a sort of fencing, and liking it; not disliking it if he got a little thrust near enough to the heart that was there in him.

They came to the crest of the road. A copse on the left, and a quarry in front where an old bent peasant was loading a long narrow cart. To the right, bulging meadows that leant out over the dale, and beyond them another copse. At the top a road full of mysterious interest—because the Ancient knew he should never walk along it, or see what was round the first corner.

"Now," said the soldier, "Monsieur wants to read—and look; in there is a fallen tree cut down by some Frenchman (are we not careful for Monsieur, we other Frenchmen?) for Monsieur to sit upon. As for me I will go on up there, and round by another way that I know, so that Mon Philosophe may not have to see me going down hill home."

He held out his big hand, and his smile was very kind: in his one eye there was not room for it, nor even on his mouth, it seemed to be in his hand too.

"Only one little eye," he said, and his laugh was only his smile made audible, "but with it I shall go on seeing Monsieur, mon petit Philosophe. (No offence—Napoleon was little! we settled that, n'est-ce pas?) But there are two ears still, and they shall go on listening to all the things Monsieur never said. I am not entirely *bête*; I can understand. The unsaid things are the best of the sermon sometimes."

"But it is you who preach."

"Me preach! I do not even practice."

"Both, I think. To me your one eye preaches, and your merry limp. I also have been listening."

So he went; and the Ancient watched him till the twist of road hid him. He whistled *Tipperary* out of compliment, thinking it perhaps our *Marseillaise*. At the corner he waved his crutch and saluted, and the crutch itself seemed part of his smile.

The Ancient went into the copse and sat down upon the fallen tree. Truant-thoughted always, there ran into his mind, not the words (for he has an untextual, unquoting-memory) but the idea in the words of a delightful American: "Preachers must surely be in great danger of perishing for lack of spiritual instruction, from only hearing themselves." Ah, but did not the witty American forget the sermons that preachers are always meeting in the lives and faces of those who cross their daily path?

One cannot learn everything at once or from the same teacher, nor has every man all the gifts of God. Those he has (the one he has, if it seems to us that he has only one) he must share with us if we know we need it.

The old man's cart was full, and he had led it lumbering down the road. There was no sound for a while; then came the rap-tap of a woodpecker.

"'The woodpecker tapping the hollow *elm* tree' observed Mrs. Mould," thought the Ancient. "Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury, "we shall be glad to hear from you again, Mrs. M. Hollow elm tree, Eh! Ha, ha. . . I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love." How Dickens revelled in undertakers—the Moulds, the Orams. . ."

So the Ancient tore open his newspaper and fell to reading: but the flutter of the big white leaves sent the woodpecker away, and there was no sound at all.

The Ancient was reading of the Dardanelles; but in his thoughts Chutney was gently moving, and his smile looked out between the printed words. On the night which was the last before the Ancient left the unit, just as he was beginning to undress, a knock had come to his door—in his bedroom at the Convent in St. J., and Chutney came in, shy and not merry.

"I had to come and say good-bye alone," he said. "I hope you do not mind? Dear Monsignor! I wonder if you realize what it will be here without you? If you don't,

you're the only one that doesn't. And no one of them all will miss you as I shall. You think it is not so. I haven't seen half as much of you as some of them: but not because I didn't want to. I'm not so clever as some of them. I couldn't talk to you about books and things; and I didn't want to bore you. But, dear Monsignor, all my happiest times out here have been with you. All. And—not one of them loves you as I do—not one."

He turned quickly to the door, and made no pretence of doing anything else with his fingers than what they *were* doing with the tears on his boyish cheeks.

The Ancient tried to thank him, and the lad said,

"Oh yes! If we do not meet again it will not be my fault. When the war is over may I come and see you in your home? I wouldn't stay too long."

"Indeed, indeed, Chutney, we must meet again. At home. Happier days than these. A happier place."

Of this was the Ancient thinking while he read of Gallipoli. And his eye fell down the printed sheet and there was the lad's name: his real name: and a date: the date on which the baby of our unit had attained his majority—killed in action in performance of his heroic, merciful duty, for to heal wounds, not to make them, was his war-task.

It was very long before the Ancient left his place in the quiet wood. But there had been no more reading. As easily could he have read St. Simon in a church where they were singing *Requiem*. If remembering and loving be indeed as well worth laying by our dead as flowers, whose sweetness will presently change to ill odours of decay, then was not the poor Ancient wasteful of time during those sad hours that he sat there all alone with grief.

Are they not over ready to chide us for yielding to sorrow? He who lets the cause of our pain come to us must know that the pain will come, and mean it also. If we turn too hardily from it are we not likely to miss what it came to do for us? They do not expect us to receive without anguish sharp wounds in the rest of us, but wounds in our heart we are bidden to treat as if the pain were subjective and voluntary, a pain that need only be there while we yield to it. No doctor is brutal enough to chide us for suffering in our body, or bid us cast the agony away as if it were a morbid, self-invited misery.

Are men so unselfish that *really* there is commonly much danger of our feeling too greatly blows that have not touched our own skin?

If we could always cry 'Come! I am alive still. It is only another man who is dead. *My* time isn't shortened. Nothing has been taken of *mine*; let me hurry on lest my pleasures and profit get on too far for me to overtake them': would it be good for us?

I do not believe much in his power of sympathy who refuses to suffer except in the material part of him.

It was dusk before the Ancient found himself walking down the steep hill that is the village street of Arques: a dusk, chill and with a rising of dank mist in it, more proper to the season than the humid sunshine of the early afternoon had been.

At the door of a long white house, a door up four steps from the street, stood an elderly woman knitting and talking over her shoulder to someone inside.

Over her head hung a little faded bush.

"Monsieur," said she, "one does not only sell wine here. Tea also. English tea."

"We do not grow tea in England," confessed the Ancient, with meek disavowal of his country's greatness.

"Tiens!"

"But we certainly like it. If you please I will see what English tea is like. Once, Madame, in Egypt I was going to buy a very queer antique Egyptian pot, but remarked *par parenthèse* that it was ugly all the same. 'Ugly!' cried the vendor much offended, 'Tis not *my* taste. I did not manufacture this antique. It was made in Birmingham—the English taste I supposed.'"

"Nor did I make the English tea I sell," said the matron, laughing. "I supposed they made it in London."

"Let us hope not."

It was excellent tea, quite strong; and the woman was an excellent woman too. She said times were very hard for her trade—for everyone's trade in such a place as Arques, where nothing that was wanted in the war was made—except young men and they were all gone. Her sons were gone, and her nephews, also the sons of her step-mother (who were decent fellows considering). It was hard to make enough *sous* to make *francs* with, and *sous* didn't buy much these times. And one liked to send parcels to one's sons *là bas*

at the war, with *gourmandises* in them. A customer was almost a gift of the Tout-Puissant.

"Come! I have also English Kekk," she remembered. " 'Auntly Kekk."

And from a cupboard she produced a cake with the flavour of that ilk.

"Before the war English travellers came here: and this one I bought in Dieppe. Real 'Auntly Kekk."

Huntly and Palmer's grease-proof paper still clung to it like a cerement.

"But," said Madame presently, "I *ennuie* Monsieur."

"No, Madame. It is very kind of you to talk."

"Ah, then! Monsieur is triste. Him also the war has hurt? Forgive me! One's own pin scratches, but one knows not what knife may have cut in under another person's cloak. So one talks, and is a *gêne*."

"No, Madame. There is no *gêne* in kindness. But I have just read of the death of one who was very young, whom I knew, and loved."

"Everywhere! Everyone!" she said, in a low plain voice, and shook her head. Then gently went out of the little parlour back into the house-place, where her husband was.

When the Ancient called her back to ask what he owed her, her little girl came with her, clinging to her gown.

"Nothing," said the mother. "I do not want Monsieur to pay anything."

Sympathy can afford to dress herself oddly. This was Madame's way.

"But, no," said the Ancient, "you do not think it would comfort me to remember this *petite* and know that some of the bread you find it so hard to earn for her I had swallowed."

"Eh, it *is* hard to earn the bread. But I did wish Monsieur would just be my guest (a poor woman's guest) this one time."

The little girl, with broad blue Norman eyes, lifted her fat fist to her mother, pulling her mother's apron over it to hide it, with the other hand.

"Ah, Monsieur! that's as bad. Much worse: for it is double what I could have asked for the tea."

"Not worse at all. It is the beginning of her *dot*."

Our argument was interrupted by the arrival of another customer in the house-place where the little bar was. He greeted Madame's husband, and her small daughter said,

"It is our big Paul."

"The son of my husband's sister," observed Madame.

The little girl trotted out to him: and showed him her *dot*. Which brought him to us. It was my big artilleryman. Indoors he looked bigger than ever.

His aunt and he exchanged a few words in Norman *patois* unintelligible to the Ancient, the little girl listening with grave eyes.

"I must go," said the Ancient.

"I should have asked if I might walk with you as far as to the *gare*:" said the big Paul, "but, alas, you have another companion since we parted."

All the eyes in Arques could not have held more gentle sympathy than his one: the mother was softly stroking the flaxen hair of her *petite*, and the silent, quiet caress was somehow sympathy too.

"I should like you to come with me," said the Ancient. "That companion of whom you speak, *la tristesse*, comes often in these days. One makes no stranger of her. Ah—if it were only to me she came!"

So we went out together, and were friends. But after that day we never met again, for the Ancient had not the heart to go back soon to Arques, and in a little while he was called away to another part of France.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE PERIOD OF OUR LORD'S MINISTRY.

I. A Protest.

THE late Father Coleridge, S.J., as some few at least of THE MONTH readers must be aware, spent no little time and labour on the investigation of the problem of the harmony of the Gospels. And although no one, perhaps, would now agree with him in every detail, the debt which some of us owe to him is too deep to allow of our seeing one of the props of his system displaced, without experiencing a desire to save it, if this can be done otherwise than at the expense of truth. Father Coleridge, in common with many others before him, very deliberately came to the conclusion that our Lord's public ministry lasted three years and a few months. Father Lattey, S.J., in his Appendix to the Westminster Version of St. Mark's Gospel, gives it as his opinion, which he indicates briefly in a couple of lines, that only "two full years and a little more" elapsed between the Baptism of our Saviour and His Passion and Death.

As one of those who are, as has been said, deeply indebted to Father Coleridge, I should like to say a word in favour of at least a stay of judgment on this question, which is, to say the least, of considerable interest to all devout students of the Gospels.

As every one who has made himself acquainted with the elements of the subject is well aware, everything turns on the question whether St. John in his Gospel mentions four pass-over feasts within the period of the ministry, or only three. About the passovers mentioned in chapters ii., vi., and xiii., there is no room for discussion. But what is the feast at which the incidents recorded in the fifth chapter occurred? On the surface we learn nothing about it except that it was a "feast of the Jews." Nor is any further light thrown on the problem within the compass of St. John's Gospel itself. The decisive clue to its solution is to be sought, as it

seems to me, in a comparison with the sixth chapter of St. Luke. St. John's fifth chapter shows us the first outbreak of the "sabbatic" difficulty, the reproach made by the Jews against our Lord that He healed on the Sabbath. In St. Luke vi. the sabbatic difficulty arises more abruptly; so abruptly indeed that its sudden emergence almost needs St. John's fifth chapter to lead up to it. The occasion, in St. Luke, is the plucking and crushing of the ears of corn by the disciples. This should give an indication of the time of year at which the incident occurred, if only we could be sure whether the "ears" were of barley or of wheat. The barley harvest began on the second day after the passover, the wheat harvest after Pentecost. But the puzzling phrase or expression "the second-first Sabbath" seems to point rather to the passover. For the grounds of this statement I must needs be content, in this brief communication, to refer the reader to Edersheim's *Jesus the Messiah* (ii. 53, 54); though it is fair to add that Edersheim, not recognizing the close link between St. John v. and St. Luke vi., will not allow that the feast in St. John v. is the passover. If, then, the incident recorded in St. Luke vi. followed shortly on the occurrences recorded in St. John v., and if St. Luke vi. indicates a Sabbath occurring shortly after the passover, the conclusion obviously is that the feast of St. John v. was the passover. And if it was, then four passovers are included within the term of our Lord's public ministry, and that ministry lasted somewhat more than three years. Father Lattey, I may observe, agrees with Father Coleridge rather in placing St. Luke vi. immediately after St. John v.

I can only hope that it will not seem unduly fanciful to refer to the half-week ($=3\frac{1}{2}$ years?) of Daniel ix. 27, to the parable of the broken fig-tree in St. Luke xiii. ("behold for these three years I come seeking fruit on this tree"), and even, by way of analogy, to the "time and times and the half of a time" of which we read in Dan. vii. 25, xii. 7, and in Apoc. xii. 14.

One may still hope perhaps for some external evidence which will determine more precisely the date of the ministry of St. John the Baptist and of our Lord's Death. Meanwhile, so long as we have only internal evidence to go upon, let judgment, I would plead, be stayed, so that we be not too peremptorily

called on to abandon a cherished belief which almost amounts to a tradition.

It is to be hoped that nothing that has been said will be understood, or mentioned, or implies any lack of appreciation of the general excellence of the Westminster Version, and of the very valuable services rendered to Catholic Biblical literature by all those, without exception, who has taken part in its production.

H. LUCAS.

II. A Reply.

It is a constant difficulty in the Westminster Version, and indeed a painful necessity, that we have to deal in conclusions rather than arguments. It would be easy to swell our fascicles to thrice their present size; as it is, the public interest and our general scheme demand that we should often omit what appears to us a sufficient justification for views put forward. And so, if I have "indicated briefly in a couple of lines" that I dissent from Fr. Coleridge as to the length of the ministry, it would not be fair to take it as a sign that I have only given a superficial consideration to the matter, for indeed it is many years since I first turned my attention to gospel harmony, and studied his works for the purpose. None the less, while venerating his memory and his writings, I cannot treat him as an authority without appeal. As a matter of fact, he does not appear to have devoted so very much more than a couple of lines himself to the point in question; but possibly here Fr. Lucas may be able to point to a fuller discussion which has escaped me.

To come to the treatment of the question upon its own merits, I may perhaps begin by referring, once for all, to an article of mine which appeared in the *Expositor* for May, 1906, entitled "The Structure of the Fourth Gospel," where I have discussed most of the relevant issues, and also quote the passage of Edersheim to which Fr. Lucas refers. I have no difficulty in placing Luke vi soon after John v, and that, as Fr. Lucas remarks, is where it stands in my harmony. But why take John v of the barley harvest rather than of the wheat harvest? This is the crucial point, and to justify his preference of the former Fr. Lucas merely refers us to the phrase "the second-first sabbath" of Luke vi.1, as expounded by

Edersheim (*Jesus the Messiah*, II, pp. 53, 54). But (1) this word "second-first" is, as Fr. Lucas owns, "puzzling," and Edersheim's explanation of it is precarious, and by no means generally accepted: (2) the word "second-first" is probably an interpolation, for the balance of textual evidence is generally recognised to be against it. For the state of the evidence, for the way in which it may have come into the text, for possible meanings, I may refer to Plummer's *St. Luke* in the *International Critical Commentary*. I cannot think that this argument affords any solid reason for rejecting the wheat-harvest period. And, on the other hand, the fact that in John v.1 there is merely mention of a feast of the Jews makes strongly against the feast alluded to being the passover. This is generally admitted to be the better reading (*i.e.* without the definite article), and, since Fr. Lucas writes of a feast, it may be supposed that he also admits this; but the passover was far too important to be thus casually brought in, a fact that might be exemplified from several mentions of it in St. John. The alternative reading, *the* feast (with the definite article) might be taken to refer to it, but it would really be as strange an expression as if applied without further explanations to Easter Sunday to-day.

There are other less weighty reasons upon which I need not, in this short note, delay further; nor need I discuss the references to Daniel, and still less that to the Apocalypse. One could only deal satisfactorily with them at great length; but I do not think that they need seriously affect our consideration of the question in hand. For fear this may seem an opinion formed on the spur of the moment, I may mention that I am more than half-way through a translation and commentary of Daniel for the Westminster Version, and regularly lecture on it. Luke xiii. 7, evidently might apply to only part of three years, but in any case that, too, would not contribute appreciably to a settlement of the problem.

Since, however, what Father Lucas pleads for is a stay of judgment, I may call his attention to the note of interrogation after the word Pentecost in the harmony. Which hypothesis the sectional editor for St. John's gospel will adopt I cannot at present say. In matters of this kind the General Editors are good probabilists, and have no wish to produce an artificial and misleading uniformity by ruling out opinions that are

reasonably defensible. One only little protest I would make; Father Lucas ends his note with the word "tradition," though he abstains from actually calling his view "traditional." Still, the mere mention of these terms easily tends to darken counsel, for by means of them it is easy to raise a maximum of prejudice on a minimum of foundation. If such a term is to be used at all, it should be clearly explained whether "tradition" is taken in its technical and theological sense—which in the matter before us it cannot be—and how complete a consensus, and for how long a period, the word is intended to convey. However, as Father Lucas does not actually claim "tradition" in his favour, I do not press the point, and content myself with remarking what an astonishing divergence of view there is among the earliest writers. St. Irenæus, more especially, is greatly concerned to combat the view, lately revived by some Catholic scholars, that the ministry only lasted a year, and himself (*Hæc.* ii. 22) argues at length from St. John (John viii. 57) and the Johannine tradition that our Lord lived to be nearly fifty!

I take this opportunity of saying a word with reference to the very appreciative review of Dr. Dean's *St. Mark* that appeared in the [Bombay] *Examiner*, Sept. 16. The reviewer finds a difficulty in reconciling the Appendix with Luke iii. 23, and asks me to "write us a little essay just to make the point clear." In the Appendix I say, "we would suppose the Baptist to have begun his preaching early in 28 A.D. In the course of that year Christ would complete His 35th year (Luke iii. 23)." The reviewer remarks of Luke iii. 23, "although this might allow a margin of one or even two years, we can hardly stretch it to 34, still less to 36 years." I confess that, as regards 34, I find it difficult to get beyond the simple question, "Why not?" And this all the more so because the same reviewer shows himself willing, a few lines lower down, to accept 34. However, if any confirmatory reasons were needed, one might point out (1) that the ancients in general were vaguer in these matters than ourselves, not having our facilities for exact figures and statistics: (2) that St. Luke, in particular, can be seen from any good concordance to be unusually free in his use of the word "all" (*πᾶς* and *ἅπας*), and on this ground alone we should be justified, if need were, in giving his round number an unusually

"round" sense: (3) that there may well be a special significance in the mention of thirty. On this last point I may quote the opinion by Sir W. M. Ramsay, whose researches have thrown so much light on the subject (*The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, p. 295):

Now if Luke could calculate the other dates so carefully, he could have stated the exact age of the Saviour; and he had probably some reason for the vaguer words "about 30." It might be suggested that the later rule among the Jews, that public life should begin at the age of 30, was already known as a common practice; and that Paul's entry on Jewish public business began at that age. Thus there was a motive prompting Luke to speak of 30 approximately: Jesus had fulfilled the Jewish custom.

The notion that the remoteness of Palestine or opposition among the Jews caused the census to be taken a few years late cannot, I think, find any sort of support in such evidence as is available. Communications were good, and there is no sign of resistance. Moreover, the year for which the census held good was, as pointed out in the Appendix, that preceding the enrolment, so that delay would be fatal. And St. Luke's narrative certainly leaves upon us the impression that prompt obedience was required to the order to enrol.

I trust therefore that I have sufficiently complied with the reviewer's friendly request for a more detailed treatment. I cannot conclude without expressing my sense, not merely of the friendliness of his notice, but of the fairness of his method. Not all reviewers endeavour to set forth the general character of the work and its good points before proceeding to comment on particular features or passages.

C. LATTEY.

THE RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE OF SHAKESPEARE.

AT the recent Conference of the Manchester Catholic Truth Society, one of the morning meetings was devoted to the discussion of the question of Shakespeare's religion. So far as we can judge from the published report of the proceedings, there seems to have been a distinct reluctance to emulate the rather crude and dogmatic tone in which such writers as Mr. Richard Simpson, M. Rio, Dr. J. M. Raich, Dr. Reichensperger, etc., half a century ago, pronounced in favour of

the poet's Catholicity. This, in our opinion, is entirely as it should be. There is really no evidence which justifies us in returning anything more than a most hesitating answer to the question of the great dramatist's personal practice or convictions. On the other hand we gladly give our adhesion to the conclusions of the very thoughtful paper read by Dr. E. Somers on "The Catholic Atmosphere of Shakespeare's Plays."¹ After urging with Carlyle that Shakespeare was the noblest product of mediæval Catholicism, and after cautioning his hearers against rash inferences based upon that Catholic colouring which is really due to dramatic necessity—"his monks and bishops and friars are true to type in the same way as his Jews or Greeks or Romans"—Dr. Somers points out that we have better evidence of the poet's true sympathies "in the great tragedies and higher comedies where the genius of Shakespeare is free to choose its setting unhampered by historical, or geographical or chronological details."

Here [he says] are displayed, as in an illuminated background, in terms of Catholic doctrine, the fixed and permanent laws by the authority of which man lives, in conflict with which man dies, and beneath which man, proud man, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep. Where the critic of puny imagination sees only an ignorant anachronism in making a citizen of pagan Rome speak and act Catholic theology of the fifth century, a Catholic reader sees a genius transcending the transient and accidental, and soaring serenely in the permanent and essential, and beholds transfigured the Catholic temperament through which Shakespeare saw life and transmuted it into art.

The same is true of the poems, and notably of *Lucrece*, where Tarquin, for example, nerves his faltering purpose with the thought :

The blackest sin is cleared with absolution,
and where his poor victim deplores

The impious breach of holy wedlock vow.

But we cannot linger over illustrations, we wish rather to call attention to two other recent pronouncements by representative Catholics, both conspicuous for their moderation and both appearing in the *Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, published in connexion with the centenary celebration of the present year under the editorship of Sir Israel Gollancz. The first appre-

¹ Printed at length in *The Tablet*, Oct. 4. 1916.

ciation was contributed by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet and is dated from Rome. His Eminence carefully abstains from describing Shakespeare as a Catholic or from formulating any argument upon the point. Nevertheless he lays stress upon the poet's Catholic tone and remarks *inter alia* :

I am astonished at the accurate knowledge he displays of the moral doctrines and teachings of the Church. His ethics are irreproachable. Conscience, according to Shakespeare's philosophy, is man's supreme pride; God's law should be the rule of his life. Man's free will, strengthened by prayer and God's grace, can master his lower nature and enable him to rise to better things and gain for him an everlasting reward. . . . His whole conception of the dignity and position of man is lofty and true—

What is man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more.¹

The other appreciation referred to, which is by Canon William Barry, is equally remarkable for its restraint. Still the writer, who also appeals to Carlyle, holds that Shakespeare was the outcome of mediæval Catholicism, even while he admits that the influence of the Italian Renaissance must not be left out of account. He says for example :

What I may term the atmosphere of *Romeo and Juliet*, of the *Merchant of Venice* and the Comedies, their warmth, ease and grace of movement, so unmistakably Italian, would vanish away if we took from them the religious background; and this must be mediæval since it was neither Pagan nor Puritan.

But Canon Barry, with what we hold to be a true appreciation of the conditions of Elizabethan life, is not blind to the canker of religious doubt which was even then eating into the mind and heart of some of England's choicest wits.

The "incoherence of Hamlet" [he says] is the play itself. No Puritan half-way house can be seen anywhere; but the Catholic faith in Purgatory, penance, sacraments, judgement, is here at death-grips with a sceptical doubt, the very heart of the prince who knows not how to flee from his own question . . . Faith has become a point of interrogation, nothing stands sure, love and life take us in if we trust them and "the rest is silence."²

¹ *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, p. 26. This is a very handsome imperial 8vo volume of many hundred pages including tributes in more than a score of languages both European, Oriental and classical.

² *A Book of Homage*, p. 33.

Though Canon Barry is not forgetful of such utterances as that of Gloucester in *King Lear*,

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

not to speak of others more generally familiar, still he is satisfied that through the mists of scepticism the light still shone assured of ultimate triumph.

Hamlet will not always be incoherent. The all-embracing Catholic Faith, out from whence our Shakespeare came, looks upon him as its child of genius, with starry eyes and a heart deep as man's deepest sorrow—which is not to have found his God. He will find for he has suffered.

Associates such as Field the anti-popish printer, who was also Vautrollier's son-in-law, Mountjoy the Huguenot and profligate, and Ben Jonson, the declared apostate, who, according to Drummond, "after he was reconciled with the Church [of England] and left off to be a recusant, at his first communion in token of true reconciliation drank out all the full cup of wine" were not influences likely to help a waverer, but we can still believe that according to the Davies tradition a final grace of reconciliation may well have been given to one who had never directly denied the faith, and written so much that raised men's thoughts to higher things.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Silver Jubilee of the Manchester C.T.S.

The recent celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Manchester Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, which, in spite of war-conditions, recalled and repeated the success which used to attend the annual gatherings of the parent body before they merged into the wider appeal of the Catholic Congress, gives rise to many reflections. The most natural one is—why is this vigorous stem graced by only one branch? Why have not Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Hull, Portsmouth, Sheffield, Cardiff and others of our larger towns put forth similar branches? There is something abnormal in a tree with only one limb. What has caused this species of arrested development? We are afraid it is due to what Sir Arthur Evans accuses the nation at large of suffering from, viz., *incuria*, a lack of appreciation of higher interests than those which are material and transitory, the cause which prevents a host of other Catholic enterprises—the various

Federations, the Social Guild, the Women's League, the S.V.P.—from attaining their due development. Yet our Lord enunciated the Parable of the Talents precisely to make such carelessness impossible. Of all Talents that of the Faith is surely the most precious. To bury *that* in a napkin is surely a hazardous proceeding. If we were very numerous the need of organization would be less imperative, but, few as we are, only combination of all our forces will enable us to keep our generation Christian. The Catholic, who can and does not further the work of the Church by joining Catholic bodies devoted either to spreading the truth or applying Christian principles to conduct, deserves that his talent should be taken from him and allotted to another. All honour to the Manchester C.T.S. for giving so practical a lead to the rest of the country. It has had a long start in point of time: the glory of the pioneer can never be taken from it; but there is no reason why other great cities should not aspire to rival or even surpass its efficiency.

**Annual Conference
of
Irish C.T.S.**

The C.T.S. of Ireland is a younger body and its recent annual meeting was but the fourteenth of the series. No full report of its proceedings has yet reached us, but it seems to have been occupied almost entirely with a very pressing subject, viz., the attitude of the Church in regard to economic questions. There can be nothing more actual at the moment. The blaze of war has reduced the whole social framework to a fluid or at least a plastic state, and there is an unparalleled opportunity of moulding it once again in accordance with Christian ethics. Even in Ireland the need is great, but here it is still greater. Rationalism in creed, materialism in conduct have to be fought everywhere: the war has given prominence to spiritual values, but the lower ideals will reassert themselves. As Catholics by reason of their faith are enabled to set an example of personal good conduct, so it would seem that Catholic nations, like Ireland and Belgium, should afford the best field for the exhibition of social virtues. It is a hopeful sign that in the National University, both in Dublin and in Cork, vigorous efforts are being made to remedy the fatal divorce between ethics and economics effected by the Godless Manchester School. In the late T. M. Kettle Ireland has sacrificed in defence of the Empire one of the most brilliant of her young workers in this field, but there are others equally zealous and equally impressed with the enormous importance of the task. After the Divine Model Catholics should begin to do and to teach. In the effort to remove social injustice each should endeavour to clear his own conscience. "What are we to do," asked one of the speakers at the Irish Conference, "with people who profess the principles of Leo XIII. but who pay young women working for them wages of 5s. or even 2s. 6d. per week?"

**What makes
National
Greatness.**

We are longing to be rid of the war and to make war impossible hereafter, but it will not help us to be free from the menace of Mars only to devote ourselves the more to the worship of Mammon. Material and moral progress alike depend on our success in freeing Society from its parasitic growths, in getting rid of the idle and voluptuous, whether rich or poor. But idleness and pleasure form the only ideals of many. Wealth shows the shortest way to these ideals, and hence the scramble for wealth. It is a strange thing, and indicative of a prevalent false standard, that it should be thought more honourable to live on the labours of others than by one's own, that the drone and not the worker should be held in esteem. Commercial greatness, depending as it does on energy, foresight, and enterprise, may well be characteristic of a great nation, but greatness does not consist in volume of trade. A man's life doth not consist in the abundance of things that he possesseth. Nor does a nation's. After all, it is not nations that trade but individuals; and it is individuals who grow rich by trade. The countries which show the greatest proportionate amount of destitution and degradation are precisely those which are called the richest. In such countries the thirst for wealth has resulted in over-accumulation in the hands of a few and the impoverishment of the many. No one can safely possess great wealth, except such as, being spiritually poor, are superior to the temptation to abuse the power their wealth confers to selfish ends. So the greatness of a country consists, not in its wealth, which is liable to be unevenly distributed, but in the general character and condition of its citizens. And this Empire will only then be really great when the working classes on which it depends are enabled, one and all, to live human lives, properly educated, housed, clothed and fed, with leisure for family-life, recreation, and intellectual pursuits, and liberty to obey their conscience.

If only those who are bending all their efforts to secure commercial advantages would first give their attention to such necessary matters, they would probably find that all these things would be added unto them. Good work cannot reasonably be expected from men and women who are working under a sense of injustice.

**To eliminate
Industrial
Strife.**

The problem is not so much how to Christianize the average employer, who is probably conscientious enough—we don't suppose the Gradgrind type is very prevalent—but how to humanize and put a conscience into the companies and corporations which have so largely replaced individual owners, and which have no souls to damn. How is a shareholder whose money is invested in perhaps a score of huge undertakings to realize any responsibility for, or to exercise any control over, the way in which such

bodies treat their workfolk? Unless he holds a very large stock he is practically powerless. We have never read at any company-meeting of a shareholder inquiring about the living-conditions of the workers and refusing to accept his dividends until reassured on this point. Yet theoretically that is what he is bound to do, if he has any grounds for suspicion that he is profiting by sweating. In default of conscience, as the late Professor Smart agrees in his *Second Thoughts of an Economist*, the conduct of such businesses must be supervised by the State.

There remains yet another way-out from the conflict between capital and labour, a method which promises to bring about industrial peace and which at any rate makes some provision for the human dignity of the worker. That is, to associate him to some extent with the control of productive enterprise, by facilitating his acquisition of shares and making him a sort of co-partner. Until, by some such practical exhibition, the identity of interest between capital and labour is demonstrated, there will always be the possible elements of strife.

**The
Housing
Scandal.**

In his shrewd and penetrating diagnosis of economic conditions in England during the Victorian period¹ Mr. Belloc fixes upon the statistics of housing as the most conclusive evidence of the mal-distribution of the national wealth. It is a fact that during the last century many millions of the population, urban as well as rural, have gradually become so poor as not to be able to afford decent house-room. Thus family-life,—the foundation of Society—has become grievously impaired. Rightly then did Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, assure a deputation that this was the "most urgent of all social reforms," "the most important and most pressing of all post-war tasks." It is almost incredible that in a civilized country, which is not suffering in any way from over-population, the first requisite for proper living should be unattainable for such multitudes of its citizens. They live, no doubt, in city or rural districts, but they have no *homes*. They cannot pay for them. It is not profitable to build real homes with adequate accommodation for a family, with the necessary provision of light and air, privacy and protection. There would be no return on capital expended from the rents the workers could afford. So such houses would stand empty or their occupants would take in sub-tenants, and the old evils would reappear. Therefore however it be with food and clothing one main requisite for existence, proper shelter, is denied to our proletariat. Bravely fighting though they be, it is not for their hearths and homes, for many of them have never possessed such luxuries. In the impoverished

¹ *Lingard's History of England*, Vol. XI. p. 450.

and regenerated land to which they will return they must somehow, from rates and taxes if not from the profits of industry, be properly housed. "To let men," said Mr. Long, "who were enduring so much at the Front go from a water-logged and horrible trench to something little better than a pig-sty here would be criminal." Those who are interested in the country's real prosperity may learn the nature of this disease and how it ought to be cured from the publications of the "National Housing and Town-Planning Council," or, more readily, from the excellent C.S.G. Manual, *The Housing Question*.

**The Sin
of
Bribery.**

It must have come as a surprise to many that while it is illegal to take a bribe it is not illegal to give one. The revelations connected with the Army Clothing case show that unscrupulous firms may tempt employés to unfair discrimination and fraudulent reporting, yet keep on the windy side of the law. This should not be. The sin of tempting a poor man to betray his trust is morally worse than the betrayal itself, and the crime or offence against public order is equally great. To hire a man to commit a murder is to be a murderer yourself, and in like manner he who offers a bribe for thieving is himself a thief. Mr. Justice Low, who presided at the Army Clothing trial, and declared that "the penalties provided by the Corruption Act are absolutely useless and inadequate to deal with matters of this sort," referred, doubtless, to the negative penalties of disqualifying the firms convicted of bribery from tendering again. They are not liable to a criminal prosecution, but the Prime Minister has announced the early introduction of a Bill "to deal with contractors who corrupt or try to corrupt public servants." The Army Clothing case is the only one which has been heard in the Courts since the war began, but many similar instances of fraud connected with the taking of commissions have been investigated both in Government inquiries about contracts in previous wars and by the "Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League"—a body which will have its hands full when demobilization and the distribution of accumulated stores begin. At every turn we recognize the truth of the inspired saying—"Covetousness [or the desire of unlawful gain] is the root of all evil."

**The State
"in loco
parentis."**

Conditions of life which deprived many parents of the power of educating their children, either personally or by proxy, were introduced into this country by the industrial revolution. It was considered, in effect, better for the State that a few citizens should have the opportunity of getting enormously wealthy by exploiting their poorer fellows than that a modest but general level of prosperity should be attained. The Church could do little, for

she was under the ban of the civil power: the sects might have done much, but Anglicanism was at its lowest spiritual depth, whilst Nonconformity, also hampered by persecution, was largely engaged in that very money-making which impoverished the masses. After several generations of this neglect the State discovered that an uncivilized proletariat was a danger to its prosperity, and undertook to educate the children of those whom it had allowed to become indigent. It has been at the work for nearly half a century, and, though it has removed the reproach of illiteracy from the population, real educational results have not corresponded to the vast expenditure of public money. Many schools have been negatively atheistic, teaching at best undogmatic morality, with the result that now thousands of their alumni in the firing-line have no knowledge of religion and no support from its strength. The State *in loco parentis* has to a large extent been an educational failure. But until it restores family-life and gives scope for the exercise of parental responsibility, it must needs go on in its task.

**One Million
Invalid
Children.**

It is a task which grows in extent and difficulty. The State already feeds necessitous school-children whose parents cannot perform that elementary duty. Presently it will have to

clothe them. Already it provides some medical inspection and assistance, but that department must be greatly extended. The country has lately been shocked by the Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, which reveals an appalling condition of affairs in regard to the health of elementary school-children. Probably similar reports were issued in former years before the war made people anxious about the future generation, but they aroused little comment. Now we realize not only the menace of the immoral restriction of births, practised by the licentious and blindly advocated by an unchristian clique, but also the danger arising from the preventible decrepitude existing among the children of the poor. Sir George Newman says that out of a school population of 6,000,000 "not less than a quarter of a million of school age are seriously crippled, invalided, or disabled: not less than a million children of school age are so physically or mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education that the State provides." The result is that one in six of our children leave school unfitted for the struggle of life, and liable to be a burden on the community. Once again, the country's energies are being misdirected. School-clinics have long been a necessity; indeed a good many have already been established, but the root of the evil lies in what passes for the home. Unhealthy maternity, uncared-for infancy, deplorable housing conditions—why not spend our millions in prevention rather than cure?

**Educational
Ideals.**

The *corpus sanum* is therefore prior in educational aim though not in importance to the *mens sana*. In regard to the mental equipment of those whose circumstances secure the former, there is also much to reform in our system, and there are no end of counsellors. The Government "Reconstruction Committee" has a Sub-Committee at work on schemes of reform, and besides this there are also three expert Committees, dealing respectively with the care of young persons after the war, with science, and with modern languages. Moreover, Lord Haldane has constituted himself a missionary in the cause of education and is speaking frequently on the subject. Shall we find wisdom in this multitude? Not until a proper ideal of education is established which shall dictate the methods. Our national backwardness in scientific and technical training has inclined the theorists to make economic efficiency the end to be sought. The terms of reference to the Reconstruction Sub-Committee are very wide and very vague, and there is nothing there about science, but others are urging a completely utilitarian standard—both languages and scientific research are to be cultivated with a view to commercial development. A startling indication of the same trend of thought was lately shown by the proposal of the Trustees of the Kitchener Fund to devote some of their trust to the establishment of travelling scholarships for "young Britons destined for a commercial career." It is no doubt well that commerce should be scientifically organized, if only to get rid of unnecessary production and excessive competition, but it should not occupy the whole horizon. The art of making money is not the first aim of education—spiritual development, a proper appreciation of life and art and literature, training in citizenship, knowledge of how to play as well as of how to work—*haec oportuit facere et illa non omittere*.

We should like to have seen amongst the Sub-Committee's terms of reference—To inquire into the justice and policy of denying the rights and claims of parents to have their children brought up in their own religion. We are to borrow, it seems, scientific method from Germany. Let us borrow what is far more important, the provision made by that State that every child should be educated in its parents' faith by teachers belonging to that faith.

**Persecution
in
Russia.**

We have from time to time noticed with anxiety reports as to the harsh procedure of our great Russian ally against the religion of the Slav nations over whom she has gained some control. Nothing can be imagined more fatal to the stability of the Alliance or to the future peace of Europe than such a forceful violation of the rights of conscience or of nationality as the Holy

Synod and the Prussianized bureaucracy of Russia used formerly to perpetrate. The Western nations have joined Russia for the common end of the vindication of justice and with the understanding that this abuse—persecution whether of Jew or Christian—should cease. That that spirit has not yet been wholly exorcised was shown, at the time of the first Russian conquest of Galicia, by the arrest of Mgr. Szeptycki, Archbishop of Lemberg, and the attempt to force his flock into "Orthodoxy." These facts are not denied: they were fully stated in the Catholic and neutral press, though our own secular papers said nothing about them; they were the subject of a protest from the Holy See to which the Russian Government offered some sort of exculpation.

It is to be hoped that the Russian authorities see the importance of abandoning once and for all a policy which would be utterly destructive of any sort of union or federation amongst the Slavonic peoples, and of any sort of confidence in their own sincerity. One would have thought that history had shown the folly, as ethics shows the immorality, of forced "conversions." Five out of the seven minor Slav Races—Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and Slovenes—are Catholic: the Hungarian Ruthenes are Uniat, and the Serbs alone are Orthodox. Only by the proclamation of complete freedom of conscience can confidence be restored and peace secured. The identification of religion with races or nationality has always proved harmful to both.

**To clear
Russia's
Name.**

We are glad to see that this feeling is growing amongst our own thinkers. Mr. Seton-Watson, the foremost British authority on Near-Eastern questions, says in the October *Contemporary* that on Russia's treatment of the Western Ukrainians who are Uniats, will depend the solution of post-bellum problems. "Will Russia," he asks, "be able to exercise sufficient attraction over the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the Ukraine" or will she revert to persecution? "Only cowardice," he goes on, "can make us shirk these questions: the fact that there is already wide recognition in Russia itself of the supreme folly of such acts must be at once our excuse and our hope for the future."

We do not suppose that THE MONTH, any more than the "Skibbereen Eagle," is widely read in the Empire of the Tzar, but surely the many sympathetic friends of Russia amongst us should be at great pains to clear her projects from the suspicion which her history, her quite recent history, attaches to them. Her proposed restoration of the Kingdom of Poland is necessarily in abeyance, but she can give further guarantees, she can commit herself more definitely, above all, she can prove by her actions in the war-zone that she has definitely discarded the rôle of persecutor, whether of race or creed, that was hers in the past.

Newman
and
Erasmus.

Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester, points out in *The Times Literary Supplement* for September 28th an interesting parallel between Newman's famous declaration of the incommensurability between moral and physical evil, quoted in the "Apologia" from "Anglican Difficulties," and a passage in Erasmus' "Praise of Folly." Therein the satirist adduces as a specimen of idle theological subtleties the following dictum—"it is better to let the whole world perish, bag and baggage, so to speak, than to utter a single tiny lie however light." It is not clear, although the Dean seems to think it is, that Erasmus is protesting against the doctrine and not rather at the use of such far-fetched and paradoxical illustrations. Nor is it clear that Newman had this particular passage in his mind, for, however expressed, the doctrine is common to all sound moralists. What the Dean's letter seems to indicate is rather that he thinks the doctrine itself unsound, and Bassanio's plea—"to do great right, do a little wrong" preferable—an opinion long ago anathematized by St. Paul. Illustrations like those of Newman and Erasmus serve a good purpose: they bring home to the learner the full bearings of Catholic teaching and test the reality of his acceptance of it. That people should imagine any temporal good (such as the avoidance of purely temporal evil) rightly purchasable by any offence against God shows how little they understand the nature of moral evil.

England
ueber
Alles.

Mr. Bottomley, whose national assertiveness we have condemned elsewhere in this issue as the very evil we are trying to expel from international relations, has declared his hand still more openly in an article contributed to the *Sunday Pictorial* for October 22nd. It resolves itself, curiously enough, into a plea for the restoration of the Angelus as a means of recalling the world to the thought of God at least three times a day. But incidentally he preaches what he calls the "Gospel of Pride and Resolution," and he clothes his views in the following verses—

And from this very moment we'll open a new page :
Record our resolution—the birth of this new age—
To make our aim and purpose—that too will be the test—
To prove the world we live in of all the worlds the best.

So far the sentiment, if somewhat commonplace, is unexceptionable. A captious critic might say that, as ours is the only inhabited world as far as we know, the grounds of comparison are absent, but the poet probably means that we are to make the world to-day better than it has been in any previous age. It is in the last two lines that the obnoxious "England ueber Alles" spirit betrays itself:

And justify our mission to put in highest place,
O'er all the Peoples of the Earth the Anglo-Saxon race.

This is undiluted Prussianism, the virus we are endeavouring to expel from the European system. It is in the name of their supposed Kultur that the Germans aspired to World-Power. The Gospel according to Bernhardt is full of the like arrogant claim to dominate the lesser breeds, within and without the law. The puzzle is that a man, who whatever else he is is not a fool, should be unable to realize the inconsistency of his attitude and its extreme offensiveness to those other Sovereign States, our Allies. For the rest Mr. Bottomley proclaims his disbelief in the Fall, and implicitly in the Redemption and the Divinity of Christ. This makes it easier, certainly, to substitute another Gospel for that of the Redeemer and to set Pride amongst the Capital Virtues.

**The Supremacy
of
International Law.**

We are glad to find the Catholic view of the permanent and absolute character of International Law which was set forth in these Notes recently endorsed in the September *Nineteenth Century* by that eminent legal writer Mr. Hugh H. L. Bellot. The main object of his article, "War Crimes, their Prevention and Punishment," is to show that the soldier acting under military orders is not excused from the penalty of crime, and to urge that the Government, as the French and Russians have done, should announce their intention of putting on trial as war-criminals all perpetrators of unlawful acts of warfare. The Prussian plea of military necessity or the allegiance the soldier owes to his officer should not screen them: they are amenable to a higher jurisdiction, International Law, which itself is the Natural Law applied to the mutual dealings of nations. Thus he vindicates the judicial correctness of the Kinsale verdict on the victims of the *Lusitania* outrage, viz.,—

that this appalling crime was contrary to international law and the conventions of all civilized nations, and we therefore charge the officers of the said submarine and the Emperor and Government of Germany under whose orders they acted with the crime of wilful and wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world.

This, Mr. Bellot contends, is a much better plan than the policy of indiscriminate reprisals "culminating in a competition of barbarism" which is the only policy of writers of the *John Bull* stamp. The duty of belligerent Governments, according to Professor Westlake,¹ against whom illegal acts of warfare have been committed, is to vindicate the law by fitting punishment or by the exaction of fitting reparation. In such vindication, he contends, the reprisals must not be excessive, and they must not fall on innocent parties.

THE EDITOR.

¹ *International Law*, Part II. 123—6.
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III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Episcopacy essential to Christianity [E. E. Sinclair in *America*, Oct. 7, 1916, p. 610].

Evolution and Origins of Religion [J. Paquier in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Oct. 15, 1916, p. 97].

Sacramental Theology. A Study of its development [O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1916, p. 346].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Baptist Christianity expounded by Dr. Clifford [*Tablet*, Oct. 21, 1916, p. 524].

Christianity, Its apparent failure [Rev. E. F. Crowley in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1916, p. 387].

Gibbon's History untrustworthy [H. Belloc in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1916, p. 361].

Italy and the Holy See [Papal Protest against the Government's seizure of the residence of the Austrian Ambassador to the Vatican [*Tablet*, Oct. 14, 1916, p. 505].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholic Truth Society, Jubilee of Manchester Branch [Reported Proceedings and Papers in *Tablet*, Oct. 14 and 21, 1916, p. 495; *Universe*, Oct. 13 and 20, 1916].

Christian Internationalism: co-operation not competition [H. T. Hodgkin in *Hibbert Journal*, Oct. 1916, p. 140].

Death, The Exact Moment of [Dr. O'Malley in *America*, Oct. 14, 1916, p. 7].

Families, Movement for Large, in France [L. M. De Vaumas in *America* Sept. 30, 1916, p. 585].

France, Joint Pastoral of the Episcopate on the Third Year of the War [*Tablet*, Sept. 30, 1916, p. 425]. Reconstruction of France: an echo from War Literature [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1916, p. 250].

Healing, Problems of Mental and Spiritual [Prof. J. J. Walsh in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1916, p. 301].

Morality on the Stage [Rev. T. Gerrard in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1916, p. 1].

Pan-Germanism anti-Catholic [*Tablet*, Oct. 21, 1916, p. 526].

Poland, Rights and wrongs of [Geoffrey Dennis in *Hibbert Journal*, Oct. 1916, p. 113]. Poland during the War [Jules Lebreton in *Études*, Oct. 5, 1916, p. 29].

Wells, H. G., his attitude towards the Truth [H. Belloc in *America*, Oct. 7, 1916, p. 614].

REVIEWS

I—SOME BOOKS ON SERBIA.¹

THE Balkan races have been much in evidence during the last few decades, but it is only now that the English people, stimulated by the different parts they have played in the present war, are beginning to discriminate firmly between them. Their alliance with us has especially directed our attention towards the Serbians, and has made us anxious to get information about their history and national characteristics. Many publications have appeared to assist us to this end, and among them are those whose names are mentioned below. These books consist of lectures delivered in various parts of the country, mainly before Anglican audiences, by Father Nicholai Velimirovic, who is described as a Professor of Theology at the University of Belgrade. His personality seems to have attracted many towards the people he represents, and these little volumes will serve to extend and deepen this favourable impression. The book entitled *Serbia in Light and Darkness* has a preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who speaks of Father Velimirovic's lectures as an "unveiling of Serbia which to the average English home has been an altogether new experience, the introduction to a new range of interest and of thought." That volume contains four lectures; on England and Serbia, on Serbia for Cross and Freedom, on Serbia at Peace and Serbia in Arms, together with a selection of Serbian Proverbs and Serbian Popular Poetry. The volume entitled *The Soul of Serbia* contains four more lectures, which, besides the lecture that gives it its title, are called Serbia's Place in human History, Religion and Nationality in Serbia, and Serbia's Tragedy. This latter publication is a little more definite in its historical accounts, but on the whole Father Velimirovic's endeavour is to describe to us what, using a modern expression more customary abroad than in this country, he calls the "Soul" of his

¹ (1) *Serbia in Light and Darkness*. By the Rev. Father Nicholai Velimirovic. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. With 25 Illustrations. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 147. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

(2) *The Soul of Serbia*. By Father Nicholai Velimirovic. 2nd edit. London: The Faith Press. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. 3d. net.

country or rather of its people. The history, however, can be easily obtained from other sources, for instance from Sir Valentine Chirol's *Serbia and the Serbs*. The broad fact about their history is that, since the catastrophe of Kosovo in 1389, they were held in bondage by the Turks, those of them, that is to say, who would not purchase their liberty by the surrender of their Christianity. All through those long and dreary centuries they cherished nevertheless their passion for liberty, and a century ago, when the Turkish power had begun to weaken, they took the lead in endeavouring to recover it. The achievement of their purpose did not come all at once, but by 1867 they had become a practically independent State. This measure of independence, however, was confined to the area of what at present constitutes the kingdom of Serbia, to the exclusion of the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the inhabitants of which are Serbians by race, and in days long past were united with their brethren under the same autonomous rule. This separation became the more distasteful to them when, in 1902, Austria annexed, much against their will, these two outstanding Serbian provinces to her own dominions, and manifested the intention, now that Turkey was no longer in a condition to resist, eventually to annex the kingdom of Serbia also, or at all events to convert it into a subject State, in the pursuit of her design to push her way to the Ægean Sea. It was this purpose of the Dual Monarchy, in which it has become clear that Germany was associated, which to a large extent brought on the present war, and it is in reaction thereto that the Serbians are now intent on accomplishing their long-cherished desire for a reunion of the Jugo- or Southern, Serbs. There used to be ill-will between the Serbians of the kingdom who are mostly of the Orthodox faith and the Serbs in the Austrian Empire, generally known as Croats and Slovenes, who are mostly Catholics in communion with the Holy See. But their treatment by Austria, or rather by the Magyars of Hungary has drawn them into concord with their brother Serbs of the kingdom, and combined with their veneration for the late Bishop Strossmayer, created a desire on both sides to tolerate each the religion of the other whilst they are in pursuit of their object of racial union.

These explanations are necessary to enable the reader to

understand the people who are now on our side and rely much on the assistance we may be able to give them to attain their object. Readers will also notice that Father Velimirovic rather too naïvely plays up to the ideas and tastes of the English people in his lectures, but they will condone that amiable weakness and look rather to the portraiture he draws of the life of his own people, setting before us vividly that peculiar temperament which centuries of sorrow and suffering have stamped upon their characters. They have their faults, as he freely acknowledges, but they seem to be a kindly race who cling to their friends, and are only too anxious to be led under the guidance of the latter in the paths of progress and civilization as well as of liberty.

2—TWO AFRICAN BISHOPS ON REUNION¹

TWO African Bishops of the Anglican Communion have just published their views on Catholic reunion, Bishop Chandler of Bloemfontein and Bishop Weston of Zanzibar, the latter so widely known as the Anglican Bishop who raised the Kikuyu question, but failed to get his brother-Bishops to take his view of the requisites of Anglican communion. They are prelates whose spheres of jurisdiction within the area of their communion are contiguous, and they have this in common that after the manner of their kind they build on assumptions instead of arguments and give out with the utmost placidity as doctrines of their Church, or even of *the* Church, statements which all the world knows are merely their personal opinions and are in no way shared by their fellow-Anglicans, or even their fellow-clergy generally. At the same time it is due to them to acknowledge that they write without any bitterness, indeed in a most friendly spirit towards the adherents of other communions.

Of the two we like Bishop Chandler's *English Church and Reunion* the best. He is more clear and simple in his ideas and his style, whilst Bishop Weston in his *Fulness of Christ* has a way of clothing his conceptions in a kind of mystic language very perplexing to his readers, as for instance when

¹ (1) *The English Church and Reunion*. By Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloemfontein. London: Methuen. Pp. ix. 190. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1916.

(2) *The Fulness of Christ*. By Frank Weston, D.D., Bishop of Zanzibar. London: Longmans. Pp. xix. 346. Price, 6s. net. 1916.

he speaks of our Lord as "the essential Church," or the priesthood as "the agent and instrument of Calvary," or lays down that "the episcopate is through the ages the necessary human expression of God's Transcendent life and Immanent Grace, of His Transcendent Truth and Immanent Witness, and of His Transcendent Love and Immanent unifying Charity."

They are alike again, and here we can agree with them, in their contention that the lack of unity among the many bodies of men that call themselves Christian is a grievous hindrance to the maintenance and spread of Christian faith; as also that our endeavours ought to be for the restoration of unity amongst the Christian people, and yet at the same time that no solid good can come of projects of reunion which are not based on solid foundations; and further, that the solid foundation which will alone suffice for this end is a foundation for the exercise of a divinely established ecclesiastical authority. The Church of England, says Bishop Chandler, "has failed pre-eminently in the maintenance of discipline and the exercise of authority. I believe that for all these defects the true and only remedy is the Reunion of Christendom, whereby spiritual authority would be re-established with a world-wide influence, and differences reconciled in unity of life." From Bishop Weston you cannot extract any definite statement to the same effect, but his whole argument is directed towards showing that "our Lord founded an organization that would make our self-surrender [*i.e.*, our surrender of all those personal conceptions and tastes which if indulged issue in separation] possible, giving us scope for self-subordination, service, and a common life; and in historical fact such an organization has always existed, claiming Apostolic authority."

It may be doubted, however, if any but themselves will think they have made a satisfactory contribution towards the attainment of the end they have so much at heart. Bishop Chandler's view is that the Anglican system is clearly the best in itself, inasmuch as it combines in the suitable proportion the "ingredients of Authority and Freedom," and so becomes "the Catholic Church for free men," and he anticipates that this "Anglican presentation of religion is most likely to meet the needs of the coming age" "since despotic government, especially in matters of the soul, is becoming more and more impossible." Needless to say he offers no indication of the

border line which divides this sphere of freedom from the sphere of authority, though it is just the uncertainty of that which makes the Anglican presentation in its present conditions offer a spectacle, not of religious unity, but rather of a disunion unparalleled elsewhere. Still he is confident that Reunion will come, "not on the lines of Federation, nor by unconditional surrender, but by Reconciliation on a Higher Plane." "We shall attain (he says) Reunion when we shall share one life, the life of Christ communicated through appointed rites, a life which shall gather into itself all the existing organizations, efforts, and aspirations of a divided Christendom." This is, we will allow, all very glowing. But how is it to be brought about? On that Bishop Chandler says nothing.

Bishop Weston does not speculate as to how and when unity will be restored to Christendom. He is content to describe what he understands to be the nature and constitution of the Catholic Church, meaning thereby a Church of which the integrating parts are his own together with those of Rome and the East, but firmly excluding members of the Nonconformist sects. He does not see that a similar reproach to that which he lays upon English Nonconformists, the reproach of "refusing to conform with that side of our relation with Christ on which is based all the Church's sacramental action," presses upon his own Church which refuses to conform with that side of our relation with Christ on which is based the cementing of the Church's unity. Nor can he elude the force of this reproach by the quite grotesque argument by which he seeks to prove that, on the supposition of a Petrine Primacy such as the Popes claim to have inherited, St. Peter and his successors would have to be regarded as outside the Mystical Body of Christ. "St. Peter (he says) as God's Vicar is related to Christ in a relationship that the Church does not mediate, nor share; and therefore that is not contained within the Church. Hence his relation as God's Vicar to the Church is entirely external." It should not surely be, yet it seems to be, necessary to instruct Bishop Weston that it is the organized visible Church, or the visible Church informed with whatever organization her Divine Founder gave her, to the inclusion therefore of a visible head or chief ruler if such it seemed good to Him to give her, which constitutes the Mystical Body of Christ. Bishop Weston's argument, or rather his statement, if it proved anything, would prove not only that our Lord did

not, but also that He could not, however much He might have wished it, have appointed one Bishop to be the ruler of all the rest.

3—CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY¹

A WELCOME sign of the awakening zeal for social studies in Ireland is afforded by the issue of *A Catechism of Catholic Social Principles*, compiled by Dr. James P. Kerr, and described as having been occasioned by the demands of the University Graduates' S.V.P. Conference in Belfast. The catechetical form has doubtless been chosen so as to break up the dry bread of economics into easily-digestible morsels, not, certainly, that the matter should be learnt by heart. The arrangement appears to us excellent and the treatment sound. The Family is of course taken as the unit of Society, and the first chapters are devoted to establishing its nature and rights. Then follow chapters on Wealth and Labour, Socialism, Industrial Unrest, State Intervention, and finally the duties in modern days of the Catholic body as the only possessor of a clear, logical, stable theory of social life. The author writes with refreshing vigour and frankness, and mercilessly exposes the false economic theories which have brought industrial conditions all over the world into such miserable confusion. The necessarily concise definitions which are scattered through the book will need qualification at the teacher's hands, but the whole presentment is a live one and should interest and stimulate the young generation of Irish students. The University Colleges of Cork, Dublin, and Belfast have shown themselves sensible of the enormous importance of these social studies; it remains now for Galway to give the lead to the West.

Dr. Kerr in the above work asks—"Should elementary teaching on these [social] subjects be given in Catholic Schools?" and answers emphatically in the affirmative. He will be glad to know that the Catholic Social Guild has that matter well in hand, and has recently issued No. 1 of its "First Text Books" intended for the use of the higher forms in schools for both sexes, so that they at any rate may have the knowledge requisite to help in the regeneration of

¹ *A Catechism of Catholic Social Principles*. By James P. Kerr, LL.D. Dublin: Brown and Nolan. Pp. 137. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

The Church and the Worker. By Virginia M. Crawford. London: Catholic Social Guild. Pp. 47. Price 3d. net.

Society. As the relations between Capital and Labour will form the most burning question of the hour when peace returns, the Guild has been well advised in starting its series with that. Appropriately, too, in this Jubilee year of the "Workers' Charter," Pope Leo's famous Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, is this question expounded on the lines of that great pronouncement. In *The Church and the Worker* Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford, Hon. Secretary of the Guild, starts by describing the effects of "industrial revolution" of 1770—1815, whence the bulk of our social troubles spring. Then she draws out the evil philosophy which lay at the root of the enslavement of the poor by the rich, the gradual reaction which culminated in Trade Unionism, and the corresponding movement on the Continent. This brings the subject to the times of Leo XIII., whose authoritative voice showed how Christian principles had been ignored to the disorganization of Society, and how a return to those principles alone could save it. A short review of the effects of the Encyclical closes the little volume. Written in a simple and clear style, it should do much to give the young those sound if rudimentary notions of the world they are about to enter, which will enable them to realize the work which as Christians they are bound to perform in it.

4—ORTHODOX RITUAL FOR ENGLISH READERS¹

IT is well known that for some time past a section of the Anglican Communion have been very earnest in endeavouring to establish closer relations with the Orthodox Churches of Eastern Europe. The movement has, no doubt, been stimulated by our alliance in arms with the subjects of the Czar, and we are glad to call attention to some excellent popular manuals published in London at the Faith Press, and evidently intended to make the ritual observances of Russia and Greece better known to our countrymen. Foremost among these handbooks is an attractive little volume which deals with the liturgy itself, the centre of all Christian worship. Mr. H. Hamilton Maughan has provided in the compass of some eighty pages a translation of the Divine

¹ *The Liturgy of the Eastern or Orthodox Church.* By H. Hamilton Maughan. Pp. vi, 80. *Monasticism in the Orthodox Churches.* By N. F. Robinson, S.S.J.E. Pp. xii, 176. Both published at the Faith Press, 22, Buckingham Street, Strand, and both priced, 2s. 6d. net.

Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, together with a simple and uncontroversial introduction in which an explanation is given of the structure of Oriental churches, their altar arrangements, vestments, etc., as well as an indication of the features in which the eastern rites more conspicuously differ from those with which we are familiar in the west. This explanation is much aided by some excellent illustrations, numbering eleven in all. We are glad to notice that Mr. Maughan goes out of his way to acknowledge his obligations not only to such Anglican authorities as Dr. Brightman, but also to Dr. Adrian Fortescue, quoting in particular from the little six-penny translation of the same liturgy published by the C.T.S. for the Eucharistic Congress of 1908. The new translation, so far as we have been able to examine it, seems to have been skilfully made, and if we notice that the typography of Greek words (*e.g.* in the footnotes of p. 39) leaves something to be desired, it is only fair to bear in mind the dislocation of the printing trade caused by the war.

Another volume from the same press and of similar scope will not be likely to make appeal to quite so wide a public, but it breaks ground which is by no means so familiar to western readers with liturgical tastes. Even in a well equipped library it would not be easy to obtain more than a skeleton of the information here collected. The Rev. N. F. Robinson's interesting handbook upon Orthodox Monasticism, besides a very careful and minute introductory study of the chief external features of religious life in the east, supplies a translation from Slavonic and Greek texts of the more important Orders used in the profession of monks. The stages, as is also the case in a good many of the western religious institutes, are principally three. The first Order deals with the giving of the *rason*,—we might call it a cassock—the second with that for the *mandyas* or little habit, and the third with that of the great or "angelical" habit. Many of the matters discussed, especially those connected with costume (*e.g.* the *koukoulion*, *skouphos*, *kallumauchion*, etc.) would be unintelligible but for the copious and excellent illustrations with which the book is furnished. The author likewise supplies an appendix of valuable notes, and his little work, which is quite uncontroversial and which fills a distinct gap in the literature of Oriental ritual, may be safely recommended to religious of all denominations.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

THREE-FOURTHS of Mgr. Joseph Pohle's great enterprize, his series of dogmatic text-books, has now been made accessible, with the issue of **The Holy Eucharist** (Herder : 7s. 6d. net), to English readers, through the labours of Dr. Arthur Preuss. It is not astonishing that a single volume, the ninth in the series, should have been devoted to this vast subject, than which there is none so important in the spiritual life, nor so fascinating to the theologian. The usual divisions of the matter are observed—The Real Presence, The Sacrament, The Sacrifice—but unusual clearness results from the detailed arrangement. The difficulties of the dogma, and they are many and subtle, are fairly faced and discussed. The English reader will be pleased with the many additional references in the text and at ends of chapters, to English-speaking authorities which are supplied by the translator and which show a wide range of reading. These will serve to guide the student to further investigation, whilst the text as it stands will provide the mission-priest with a ready means of reviving his own past studies.

With the publication of Vols. IV. and V. the English reader has now within reach the series of sermons from the German, translated or at any rate edited and adapted by the Rev. Edward Jones, and called **The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church** (Herder : 6s. net each volume). They are dogmatic sermons, mainly the work of one preacher, Heinrich von Hurter, and embracing in logical order the whole of dogmatic and sacramental theology. Several, however, are the work of the Editor himself. A rather short index shows the various topics dealt with and enables the preacher to select what is appropriate.

It was well worth preserving in a permanent form the discussion on **What is Catholicity?** (Chatto and Windus : 1s. net) recently carried on by letters and leaders in *The Tablet* and *The Church Times*, although not brought to a definite conclusion. The persistent claim to Catholicity made by a Protestant sect is at any rate a testimony to the survival of that idea outside the Church and a ground for hoping for its realization in the only possible way. How difficult it is to convince even the sincere and well-meaning the continued dispute, since confined to *The Tablet* and worth being included in a second edition of this pamphlet, indicates.

DEVOTIONAL.

Messrs. Washbourne's attractive Angelus series (price 1s. net) continues to appear regularly, the two last volumes being, **On Good Will**, translated from the French of Father Joseph Schrijvers, C.S.S.R., by Francesca Glazier, and, **A Year of Cheer**, a compilation, by Mr. Scannell O'Neill, of extracts from various Catholic sources, illustrating the character and advantages of cheerfulness. The booklet may help us through the present hard times and those ahead, just as its companion volume shows us how to attain and maintain the disposition which is proof against sadness.

Selections translated from a larger work on Our Lady by Blessed John Eudes, form the contents of **The Most Pure Heart of Mary** (Washbourne :

1s. net) and breathe, as one would expect, the tenderest and most practical piety.

The first thing that strikes one about **The Missal Explained** (Washbourne: 5s. net and upwards), a translation and adaptation of a French work by Father Fleury, S.J., is the non-explanatory character of its title. It is not merely a Missal for lay-folk, giving all that is necessary to follow the words of the Mass on every day in the year, but it contains as well a summary of Christian Doctrine, Services for Vespers and Compline, and all the usual devotional provision of the prayer-book proper. It is certainly the most compendious manual of devotion we have met. Yet although it runs to about 1,100 pages it is small and compact and easy to handle.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens has written in **Sanctuary** (Washbourne: 2s. net), a devotional book of great charm and freshness, indicating where to take refuge from the sin and sorrow, the seduction and success, of the world. Hers is the sound spirituality which points, not to relief from suffering and temptation as the ideal, but to strength to bear and overcome. If we can but attain sanctuary from *self*, there is nothing else than can really injure us.

Mr. A. S. Cripps' continuation of the adventures of Father John Kent in Portuguese East Africa during the latter half of the sixteenth century may fitly be classed amongst devotional books, so instinct with spirituality is it. It is called **A Martyr's Heir** (Duckworth: 2s. 6d. net) to distinguish it from the previous volume, *A Martyr's Servant*. Written in an archaic style with the religious colouring of its age, it cleverly adapts the details of S. E. African history, given in Dr. Theal's book, to conclude the story of the imaginary Jesuit's missionary career.

The little volume entitled **The Unscathed Crucifix** (Faith Press: 1s. 6d. net) by the Rev. A. H. Baverstock, is not a dissertation on the alleged miraculous preservation of the symbol of our redemption in the fighting lines of France and Flanders. That is a question which the author does not touch, feeling, no doubt, as every reasonable being must, that there can be no question of miracle until it is shown that the crucifix has *never* been harmed by shot or shell or, at any rate, that the proportion of those intact is unaccountably large. That many are intact amidst universal desolation is a fact which Mr. Baverstock takes as a sort of illustration of the survival of the only sound philosophy of the Cross amidst the crumbling ruins of materialism. The Cross alone—the providential design by which Christians must fill up what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ and so enter into His glory—can explain the mystery of human suffering made so prominent by the war. A recognition of this fact, which is not inconsistent with the endeavour to lessen unnecessary suffering, will prevent any straining after Utopian ideals. Mr. G. K. Chesterton contributes an illuminating preface to this thoughtful little book.

No doubt some devotion may be aroused by **Ye Palmerman** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul) a sort of brief allegory of life by the Rev. Arthur Tooth, M.A., done into quaint MS. by Thomas Derrick with ornamental initials, full-page drawings, and interlinear illustrations in the style of the old liturgical books. But the deliberate grotesque reproduced by mechanical process has not the appeal of the old unconscious art.

The "supernatural" of which the Rev. Canon J. M. Wilson speaks in his two lectures to men entitled **The Natural and the Supernatural in Science**

and Religion (S.P.C.K., 6d. net) is not the supernatural recognized by the Catholic Church. He seems to confound it with the spiritual, the transcendent Being to whom nature and all natural phenomena point, whereas the Church means by the supernatural, the wholly gratuitous elevation to the divine filiation bestowed on man by the gift of grace. Spiritual phenomena may be quite natural, nor need religion itself, as a matter of course, rise above that plane. However, the Canon, however defective in theology, is on the side of the angels and as a scientific man, scouts all idea of a conflict between science and religion.

HISTORICAL

Our readers need no introduction to the valuable monograph on Elizabethan ecclesiastical history the substance of which appeared in our pages during the course of last year and which the author, the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J., has lately reprinted with various additions in a handsome volume entitled *The Institution of the Archpriest Blackwell* (Longmans: 5s. net). It deals with a very critical phase of the history of the Church in this country, a period which exhibited in a marked degree what is characteristic of ecclesiastical history everywhere, the curious blending in human nature of the substantially heroic with the incidentally mean and base and selfish. Zeal untempered by prudence, prejudice, passion, leading inevitably to misunderstanding and misrepresentation—these qualities are conspicuous in the story of these good men who, under the heavy ban of the State and in forfeit of their very lives, fought out their domestic quarrels with so much bitterness. The question was merely one of ecclesiastical discipline—how the Church in England should be governed in the absence of a regular hierarchy—but it was not discussed calmly on its merits. In many respects a painful record, it is well that it should be dispassionately set forth in all the details that further researches allow, for partizan writing has hitherto obscured much of its drift. Not the least valuable part of Father Pollen's book is that which is devoted to the bibliography, though it supplements rather than supersedes that of Mr. T. G. Law.

Some six further parts of Messrs. Washbourne's great publication *Roma*, which has for sub-title *Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture*, by Dom Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., brings the enterprise almost to completion. Paper, type, and illustrations are worthy of the great theme, and the bound volume will be one of the handsomest books of our time. Each part costs 1s. 3d. net.

SCRIPTURAL

The conclusions arrived at by the Rev. T. H. Dodson, which are adverse to the historicity of the *Book of Jonah* (S.P.C.K.: 1s. net), would not be accepted by the majority of Catholic commentators, although amongst moderns he would have the strong support of Professor von Hoonacker, late of Louvain. The Biblical Commission has pronounced against the free placing in the category of allegory or parable any portion of Holy Writ with the view of getting rid of difficulties. At the same time it allows weight to sound and scholarly arguments, if such be forthcoming, in support of such opinions. Some of these are to be found in Canon Dodson's little treatise, which is written with all reverence, and which aims at being "a study of Biblical purpose and method."

FICTION.

A welcome opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writings of a distinguished Spanish Catholic novelist who has been styled "the legitimate successor of Cervantes" is afforded English readers by Mr. Denis Freeman's translation of several of the shorter tales of José Maria de Pereda, entitled **The Last of the Breed** (David Nutt : 3s. 6d. net). They introduce us to very unfamiliar specimens of humanity belonging to the lowest classes of Spain and illustrate faithfully the virtues and foibles of that Catholic people. The translator shows a great grasp of Spanish idiom and *argot*, and faithfully transfuses into his own medium the humour of his author, which, as in all similar cases, has to lose some of its sparkle in the decanting.

Though there is no Canon Sheehan amongst the group of Irish priests whose stories are collected in the volume **Up and Doing** (Gill : 1s. net), they have produced a set of very readable tales marked with that intimate knowledge of Irish life and that keen sense of its humours that one would expect in their authors.

WAR BOOKS.

Of French books on War subjects three small volumes and five short brochures are sent for notice. The volumes are **Luttes de l'Eglise et luttes de la Patrie**, by Père Yves de la Brière (price, 5 fr.), which forms the third series of **Lettres presentes de l'Eglise** (Beauchesne : Paris), **Pages de Sang et de la Gloire**, by General Cherfils (Lethielleux, price, 3.75 fr.); and **Le Patriotisme de la femme française**, 2me. edition, by the Chanoine Stéphane Coubé (Lethielleux : price, 3.75 fr.). The first of these is by one of the staff of the *Etudes*, to which staff and its Editor in chief it is dedicated. The ground it covers includes the *luttes*, or conflicts, between August, 1914, and December, 1915. This is a really valuable book written by a master-hand on such topics as the teaching of Catholic theology and the action of Divine Providence in regard to war, the accession of Benedict XV., his first Encyclical and general attitude towards the war, the doctrine of Cardinal Mercier as to the war, the new "Black Pope" and the misapprehensions as to the motives for his election, and some other matters. General Cherfils in his volume collects and republishes separately a number of articles he had contributed to various Paris papers since the beginning of the war. In what he writes one sees throughout both the able soldier and the true Catholic. Chanoine Coubé brings together a variety of incidents mostly belonging to the time of the present war, but all illustrative of the services of noble-minded women in the cause of patriotism.

Of the smaller publications, **L'Âme de la France à Reims**, a sermon preached by Mgr. Baudrillart (Beauchesne : Paris), **La Cathédrale de Reims**, by Emile Mâle (*Pages Actuelles*, No. 10, Bloud and Gay : Paris) and **Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914**; No. 8, **La Grande Pitié de Reims**, testify to the depth of national feeling which characterises the attachment of the French people to the city of St. Remi. **Le Lt. Colonel Driant** (Beauchesne) is an "allocution" delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris in memory of the courageous achievement at the cost of their lives of a body of Chasseurs and their leader. **Arras sous les obus** (Bloud et Gay), describes with numerous plates and accompanying letter-press the state to which Arras has been reduced by the bombardments to which it has been subjected. **La Lourdes du Nord**, by René le Cholleux (Bloud et Gay) is a similar description of the devastation wrought at Notre Dame de la Brebière the famous Basilica at Albert, where the statue of our Lady and the Holy Child on the cupola has been forced by shell-fire into a horizontal position and leans over as if blessing the town.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lately a volume from the pen of Professor Corcoran, S.J., of the National University of Ireland, gave a synoptical account of the measures taken during three centuries by the English Government to educate the Irish people. The process was avowedly aimed at making them forget their nationality and their faith. It resulted in failure and in an enormous waste of public money. Side by side with this official propaganda went the efforts of Catholics to educate themselves, and foremost in this great enterprise, at least during the last century, were the Brothers of the Christian Schools. It is instructive to compare their inspiration, their methods and their success, as set forth in an able volume, **A Century of Catholic Education** (Browne and Nolan: 3s. 6d. net), by a Christian Brother, with those of the State-fostered anti-national institutions that have passed away. The narrative centres round the personality of one of the great men of the Institute, Brother James Burke, who died some dozen years ago after a long life spent in the cause of Christian education. But incidentally a history is given of the rise and growth of the famous Christian Brothers' schools which, spread throughout Ireland, contain so much of her hopes for the future. Father M. F. Egan, S.J., sums up in a sympathetic Preface the spirit and the works of this great Institute.

A vast amount of information is gathered together in **Lincolnshire** (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net) by J. Charles Cox, LL.D., one of the "Little Guides" Series, which is further illustrated by maps and plans and a number of excellent photogravures of churches and other monuments of interest: even such a utilitarian subject as the docks at Immingham forms a striking picture. The author's reputation as an antiquarian gives us the assurance that nothing of importance within the county boundaries has been left undealt with, and especially that ecclesiastical antiquities are treated with sympathy and knowledge.

Mr. Wilfrid Randolph, the author of **French Churches in the War Zone** (Routledge and Sons: 2s. 6d. net) has already in the pages of **THE MONTH** (January, 1915), made a briefer though more extended survey of the great architectural masterpieces of France and Belgium endangered or injured by the German invasion. In the present book, which is described as a "Sketch in Architectural Evolution," he confines himself to France and treats his subject more or less chronologically, confining it "to the most vital and interesting phrase of [Gothic] development," which singularly enough is abundantly illustrated within the geographical limits he has selected. A number of plans and photographs add to the interest of a very timely little volume.

It can hardly be that **The Panjab, North-West Frontier Province and Kashmir** (Cambridge University Press: 6s. net) by Sir James Douie, M.A., is intended for a school-book, at any rate for children at "home." It is one of a series of "Provincial Geographies of India," and is laden with the most detailed information, historical, geographical, ethnological, commercial, etc., such as well might occupy the attention of a High Commissioner, but which no school-child could possibly digest or have use for. So it is probably intended for aspirants to the Indian Civil Service, and for that purpose it is excellently equipped with maps and illustrations.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Four clear and stirring sermons on the relations between Truth and Duty, Authority, Liberty and Charity respectively have been published by

Father H. Lucas, S.J., under the title of *God's Truth* (Worcestershire General Printing Company, 2d). The pamphlet will be useful for those who are still in the outer darkness, and zeal for our neighbour should prompt its wide distribution.

The Prayer Book for Boy Scouts (Kenedy and Sons: from 15 cents) has been compiled by the Rev. Thos. McGrath for the American variety, and is a dainty little volume containing, besides the usual devotions, clear instructions how to supernaturalize the characteristic scout virtues. It is noteworthy that Cardinal Farley approves of the Scout Movement amongst Catholic boys in his diocese only on stringent conditions which safeguard their faith.

The Hour of God in the Foreign Missions (Mission Press, Techny: 10 cents) by Hilarion Gil, S.J., is a forcible appeal for support in the divine work of evangelizing the heathen, never so well disposed as now to receive the Gospel.

The legend of *St. Frideswide of Oxford* (Washbourne: 6d. net) has been made the subject of a drama by F. A. Forbes, whom our readers know as author of various short and practical Saints' Lives. The medium is blank verse relieved by occasional songs, and it should do excellently for school-displays.

The Catholic Mind (America Press: 5 cents an issue) continues to appear regularly every fortnight, preserving in accessible form useful expository and apologetic matter concerning the Faith. Its full value will better appear when it is bound and carefully indexed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. Vol. XIV. Nos. 17, 18, and 19.

FROM THE AUTHOR.

God's Truth. By H. Lucas, S.J. Pp. 40. Price, 2d.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

A History of the Irish Dominicans. By Rev. M. H. MacInerney, O.P. Vol. I. Pp. xi. 635. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

DUCKWORTH, London.

A Martyr's Heir: The Tale of John Kent. By A. S. Cripps. Pp. xiv. 169. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

Up and Doing. By Irish Priests. Pp. 110. Price, 1s. net.

HERDER, London.

The Sacraments. Vol. II. By Mgr. J. Pohle. Translated by Arthur Preuss. Pp. 408. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Priestly Practice.* By Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C. Pp. 247. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church.*

Translated from the German by Rev. Ed. Jones. Vols. IV. and V. Pp. 394, 388. Price, 6s. net, per vol.

LONGMANS, London.

The Holy Trinity. By L. G. Mylne, M.A. Pp. x. 286. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Christianity and Nationalism in the Latin Roman Empire.* By E. L. Woodward, M.A. Pp. vii. 106. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Institution of the Archpriest Blackwell.* By John H. Pollen, S.J. Pp. xi. 106. Price, 5s. net.

WASHBOURNE, London.

Sanctuary. By Mary Angela Dickens. Pp. xii. 137. Price, 2s. net. *St. Frideswide: a Play.* By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 39. Price, 6d. net. *The Most Pure Heart of Mary.* By Blessed John Eudes. Pp. vi. 207. Price, 1s. net. *On Good Will.* From the French of J. Schrijvers, C.S.S.R. By Francisca Glazier. Pp. vi. 158. Price, 1s. net. *A Year of Cheer.* Compiled by Scannell O'Neill. Pp. 160. Price, 1s. net.

